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# THE HONEY OF WISDOM !!!

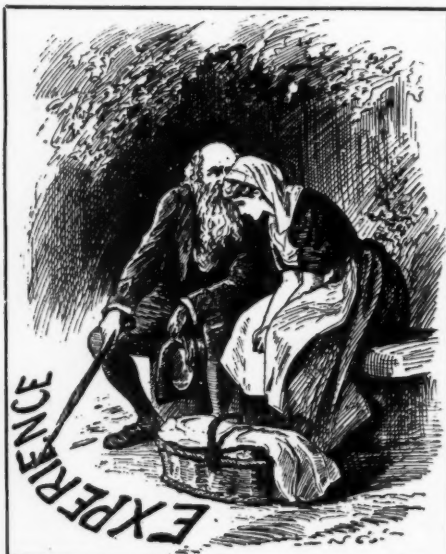
We gather the Honey of Wisdom from Thorns, not from Flowers.

## NOBILITY OF LIFE.

'Who best can suffer, best can do.'—MILTON.

What alone enables us to draw a just moral from the tale of life?

'Were I asked what best dignifies the present and consecrates the past; what alone enables us to draw a just moral from the Tale of Life; what sheds the purest light upon our reason; what gives the firmest strength to our religion; what is best fitted to soften the heart of man and elevate his soul—I would answer, with Lassus, it is "EXPERIENCE."—LORD LYTTON.



FROM THE LATE REV. J. W. NEIL,

Holy Trinity Church, North Shields.

'DEAR SIR,—As an illustration of the beneficial effects of your "FRUIT SALT," I have no hesitation in giving you particulars of the case of one of my friends. Sluggish action of the liver and bilious headache so affected him that he was obliged to live upon only a few articles of diet, and to be most sparing in their use. This uncomfortable and involuntary asceticism, while it probably alleviated his sufferings, did nothing in effecting a cure, although persevered in for some twenty-five years, and also consulting very eminent members of the faculty. By the use of your "FRUIT SALT," however, he now enjoys the vigorous health he so long coveted; he has never had a headache or constipation since he commenced to use it, and can partake of his food in such a hearty manner as to afford great satisfaction to himself and friends. There are others to whom your remedy has been

so beneficial in various complaints that you may well extend its use, both for your own interest and *pro bono publico*. I find that it makes a very refreshing and exhilarating drink.

'To J. C. ENO, Esq.'

'I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully, J. W. NEIL.'

### INFLUENZA, FEVERISH COLDS, SCARLET FEVER, PYÆMIA, ERYSIPELAS, MEASLES, GANGRENE, and almost every mentionable Disease.

'I have been a nurse for upwards of ten years, and in that time have nursed cases of scarlet fever, pyæmia, erysipelas, measles, gangrene, cancer, and almost every mentionable Disease. During the whole time I have not been ill myself for a single day, and this I attribute in a great measure to the use of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT," which has kept my blood in a pure state. I recommend it to all my patients during convalescence. Its value as a means of health cannot be over-estimated.

'A PROFESSIONAL NURSE. April 21, 1894.'

**ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'** assists the functions of the LIVER, BOWELS, SKIN, and KIDNEYS by Natural Means; thus the blood is freed from POISONOUS or other HURTFUL MATTERS. The Foundation and GREAT DANGER of CHILLS, &c. It is impossible to overstate its great value. THERE IS NO DOUBT that, where it has been taken in the earliest stage of a disease it has in innumerable instances prevented a severe illness. Without such a simple precaution the JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED.

The value of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' cannot be told. Its success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand proves it.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless and occasionally poisonous imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

Prepared only at ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E.,  
BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

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# LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

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AUGUST 1895.

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## *Old Mr. Tredgold.*<sup>1</sup>

A STORY OF TWO SISTERS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

### CHAPTER IX.

LADY JANE walked into the room squarely, with her short skirts and her close jacket. She looked as if she were quite ready to walk back the four miles of muddy road between her house and the Cliff. And so indeed she was, though she had no intention of doing so to-day. She came in, pushing aside the footman, as I have said, who was very much frightened of Lady Jane. When she saw the dark figures of Mrs. Shanks and Miss Mildmay sitting against the large light of the window, she uttered a suppressed sound of discontent. It might be translated by an 'Oh,' or it might be translated, as we so often do it as the symbol of a sound, by a 'Humph.' At all events, it was a sound which expressed annoyance. 'You here!' it seemed to say; but Lady Jane afterwards shook hands with them very civilly, it need not be added. For the two old cats were very respectable members of society, and not to be badly treated even by Lady Jane.

'That was your funny little carriage, I suppose,' she said, when she had seated herself, 'stopping the way.'

'Was it stopping the way?' cried Mrs. Shanks, 'the Midge?

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1895, by M. O. W. Oliphant.

I am astonished at Mr. Perkins. We always give him the most careful instructions; but if he had found one of the servants to gossip with, he is a man who forgets everything, one may say.'

'I can't undertake to tell you what his motives were, but he was in the way, blocking up the doors,' said Lady Jane; 'all the more astonishing to my men and my horses, as they were brought out, much against their will, on the full understanding that nobody else would be out on such a day.'

'It is a long way to Steephill,' said Miss Mildmay, 'so that we could not possibly have known Lady Jane's intentions, could we, Jane Shanks? or else we might have taken care not to get into her way.'

'Oh, the public roads are free to every one,' said Lady Jane, dismissing the subject. 'What rainy weather we have had, to be sure! Of course you are all interested in that bazaar; if it goes on like this you will have no one, not a soul to buy; and all the expense of the decorations, and so forth, on our hands.'

'Oh, the officers will come over from Newport,' said Miss Mildmay; 'anything is better than nothing. Whatever has a show of amusement will attract the officers: and that will make the young ladies happy, so that it will not be thrown away.'

'What a Christian you are!' said Lady Jane. 'You mean it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. I have several cousins in the garrison, but I don't think I should care so much for their amusement as all that.'

'Was there ever a place,' said Mrs. Shanks, with a certain tone of humble admiration, which grated dreadfully upon her companion, 'in which you had not a number of cousins, Lady Jane? They say the Scotch are the great people for having relatives everywhere, and my poor husband was a Scotchman; but I'm sure he had not half so many as you.'

Lady Jane answered curtly with a nod of her head and went on. 'The rain is spoiling everything,' she said. 'The men, of course, go out in spite of it when they can, but they have no pleasure in their work, and to have a shooting party on one's hands in bad weather is a hard task. They look at you as if it were your fault: as if you could order good weather as easily as you can order luncheon for them at the cover side.'

'Dear me, that is not at all fair, is it, Ruth Mildmay? In my poor husband's lifetime, when we used to take a shooting regularly, I always said to his friends, "Now, don't look reproachfully at me if it's bad weather. We can't guarantee the weather.

You ought to get so many brace if you have good luck. We'll answer for that."

'You were a bold woman,' said Lady Jane; 'so many brace without knowing if they could fire a gun or not! That's a rash promise. Sir John is not so bold as that, I can tell you. He says, "There's a bird or two about if you can hit 'em." Katherine, you may as well let me see those things of yours for my stall. It will amuse me a little this wet day.'

'They are all upstairs, Lady Jane.'

'Well, I'll go upstairs. Oh, don't let me take you away from your visitors. Stella, you can come with me and show them; not that I suppose you know anything about them.'

'Not the least in the world,' said Stella very clearly. Her face, so delicately tinted usually, and at present paler than ordinary, had become crimson, and her attitude one of battle. She could propitiate and play with the old cats, but she dare not either cajole or defy Lady Jane.

'Then Katherine can come, and I can enjoy the pleasure of conversation with you after. Shall I find you still here?' said Lady Jane, holding out her hand graciously to the other ladies, 'when I come downstairs again?'

'Oh, we must be going——'

Mrs. Shanks was interrupted by Miss Mildmay's precise tones. 'Probably you will find *me* here, Lady Jane; and I am sure it will be a mutual pleasure to continue the conversation which——'

'Then I needn't say good-bye,' said the great lady calmly, taking Katherine by the arm and pushing the girl before her. Stella stood with her shoulders against the mantel-piece, very red, watching them as they disappeared. She gave the others an angry look of appeal as the door closed upon the more important visitor.

'Oh, I wish you'd take me away with you in the Midge!' she cried.

'Ah, Stella,' cried Mrs. Shanks, shaking her head, 'the times I have heard you making your fun of the Midge! But in a time of trouble one finds out who are one's real friends.'

Miss Mildmay was softened too, but she was not yet disposed to give in. She had not been able to eat that special muffin which Stella had re-toasted for her. Lady Jane, in declining tea curtly with a wave of her hands, had made the tea-drinkers uncomfortable, and especially had arrested the eating of muffins, which it is difficult to consume with dignity unless you have the

sympathy of your audience. It was cold now, quite cold and unappetizing. It lay in its little plate with the air of a thing rejected. And Miss Mildmay felt it was not consistent with her position to ask even for half a cup of hot tea.

'It has to be seen,' she said stiffly, 'what friends will respond to the appeal; everybody is not at the disposal of the erring person when and how she pleases. One must draw a line——'

'What do you say I have done, then?' cried Stella, flushing with lively wrath. 'Do you think I went out in that boat on purpose to be drowned or catch my death? Do you think I wanted to be ill and sea-sick and make an exhibition of myself before two men? Do you think I wanted them to see me *ill*? Goodness!' cried Stella, overcome at once by the recollection and the image, 'could you like a man—especially if he was by way of admiring you, and talking nonsense to you and all that—to see you *ill* at sea? If you can believe that you can believe anything, and there is no more for me to say.'

The force of this argument was such that Miss Mildmay was quite startled out of her usual composure and reserve. She stared at Stella for a moment with wide-opened eyes.

'I did not think of that,' she said in a tone of sudden conviction. 'There is truth in what you say—certainly there is truth in what you say.'

'Truth in it!' cried the girl. 'If you had only seen me—but I am very thankful you didn't see me—prostrate in that dreadful boat, not minding what waves went over me! When you were a girl and had men after you, oh, Miss Mildmay, I ask you, would you have chosen to have them to see you *then*?'

Miss Mildmay put the plate with the cold muffin off her knees. She set down her empty cup. She felt the solemnity of the appeal.

'No,' she said, 'if you put it to me like that, Stella, I am obliged to allow I should not. And I may add,' she went on, looking round the room as if to a contradictory audience, 'I don't know any woman who would; and that is my opinion, whatever anybody may say.' She paused a moment with a little triumphant air of having conducted to a climax a potent argument, looking round upon the baffled opponents. And then she came down from that height and added in soft tones of affectionate reproach: 'But why did you go out with them at all, Stella? When I was a girl, as you say, and had—I never, never should have exposed myself to such risks, by going out in a boat with——'

'Oh, Miss Mildmay,' cried Stella, 'girls were better in your time. You have always told us so. They were not perhaps so fond of—fun; they were in better order; they had more—more—' said the girl, fishing for a word, which Mrs. Shanks supplied her with by a movement of her lips behind Miss Mildmay's back—'disciplined minds,' Stella said with an outburst of sudden utterance which was perilously near a laugh.

'And you had a mother, Ruth Mildmay?' said the plotter behind, in tender notes.

'Yes; I had a mother—an excellent mother, who would not have permitted any of the follies I see around me. Jane Shanks, you have conquered me with that word. Stella, my dear, count on us both to stand by you, should that insolent woman upstairs take anything upon her. Who is Lady Jane, I should like to know? The daughter of a new-made man—coals, or beer, or something! A creation of this reign! Stella, this will teach you, perhaps, who are your true friends.'

And Miss Mildmay extended her arms and took the girl to her bosom. Stella had got down on her knees for some reason of her own, which girls who are fond of throwing themselves about may understand, and therefore was within reach of this unexpected embrace: but I am afraid laughed rather than sobbed on Miss Mildmay's lap; the slight heaving of her shoulders, however, in that position had the same effect, and sealed the bargain. The two ladies lingered a little after this, hoping that Lady Jane might come down. At least Miss Mildmay hoped so. Mrs. Shanks would have stolen humbly out to get into the Midge at a little distance along the drive, not to disturb the big landau with the brown horses which stood large before the door. But Miss Mildmay would have none of that; she ordered the landau off with great majesty, and waved her hand indignantly for Perkins to 'come round,' as if the Midge had been a chariot: a manœuvre which Stella promoted eagerly, standing in the doorway to see her visitors off with the most affectionate interest, while the other carriage paced sullenly up and down.

In the meantime Lady Jane had nearly completed her interview with Katherine in the midst of the large assortment of trumpery set out in readiness for the bazaar. 'Oh yes, I suppose they'll do well enough,' she said, turning over the many coloured articles into which the Sliplin ladies had worked so many hours of their lives with careless hands. 'Mark them cheap; the people here like to have bargains, and I'm sure they're not worth much. Of

course, it was not the bazaar things I was thinking of. Tell me, Katherine, what is all this about Stella? I find the country ringing with it. What has she done to have her name mixed up with Charlie Somers and Algy Scott—two of the fastest men one knows? What has the child been doing? And how did she come to know these men?’

‘She has been doing nothing, Lady Jane. It is the most wicked invention. I can tell you exactly how it happened. A little yacht was lying in the harbour, and they went up to papa’s observatory, as he calls it, to look at it through his telescope, and papa himself was there, and he said——’

‘But this is going very far back, surely? I asked you what Stella was doing with these men.’

‘And I am telling you,’ cried Katherine, red with indignation. ‘Papa said it was his yacht, which he had just bought, and they began to argue and bet about it whom it had belonged to, and he would not tell them; and then Stella said——’

‘My dear Katherine, this elaborate explanation begins to make me fear——’

‘Stella cried: “Come down and look at it, while Kate orders tea.” You know how careless she is, and how she orders me about. They ran down by our private gate. It was to settle their bet: and I had tea laid out for them—it was quite warm then—under the trees. Well,’ said Katherine, pausing to take breath, ‘the first thing I saw was a white sail moving round under the cliff while I sat waiting for them to come back. And then papa came down screaming that it was the *Stella*, his yacht, and that a gale was blowing up. - And then we spent the most dreadful evening, and darkness came on and we lost sight of the sail, and I thought I should have died and that it would kill papa.’

Her breath went from her with this rapid narrative, uttered at full speed to keep Lady Jane from interrupting. What with indignation and what with alarm, the quickening of her heart was such that Katherine could say no more. She stopped short and stood panting, with her hand upon her heart.

‘And at what hour,’ said Lady Jane icily, ‘did they come back?’

‘Oh, I can’t tell what hour it was! It seemed years and years to me. I got her back in a faint and wet to the skin, half dead with sickness and misery and cold. Oh, my poor, poor little girl! And now here are wicked and cruel people saying it is her fault.

Her fault to risk her life and make herself ill and drive us out of our senses, papa and me !'

'Oh, Stella would not care very much for her papa and you, so long as she got her fun. So it was as bad as that, was it—a whole night at sea along with these two men? I could not have imagined any girl would have been such a fool.'

'I will not hear my sister spoken of so. It was the men who were fools, or worse, taking her out when a gale was rising. What did she know about the signs of a gale? She thought of nothing but two minutes in the bay, just to see how the boat sailed. It was these men.'

'What is the use of saying anything about the men? I dare say they enjoyed it thoroughly. It doesn't do them any harm. Why should they mind? It is the girl who ought to look out, for it is she who suffers. Good Heavens, to think that any girl should be such a reckless little fool !'

'Stella has done nothing to be spoken of in that way.'

'Oh, don't speak to me!' said Lady Jane. 'Haven't I taken you both up and done all I could to give you your chance, you two? And this is my reward. Stella has done nothing? Why, Stella has just compromised herself in the most dreadful way. You know what sort of a man Charlie Somers is? No, you don't, of course. How should you, not living in a set where you were likely to hear? That's the worst, you know, of going out a little in one *monde* and belonging to another all the time.'

'I don't know what you mean, Lady Jane,' cried Katherine, on the edge of tears.

'No; there's no need you should know what I mean. A girl, in another position, that got to know Charlie Somers would have known more or less what he was. You, of course, have the disadvantages of both—acquaintance and then ignorance. Who introduced Charlie Somers to your sister? The blame lies on her first of all.'

'It was—they were all—at the hotel: and Stella thought it would be kind to ask Mrs. Seton to a picnic we were giving—'

'Lottie Seton!' cried Lady Jane, sitting down in the weakness of her consternation. 'Why, this is the most extraordinary thing of all !'

'I see nothing extraordinary in the whole business,' said Katherine, in a lofty tone.

'Oh, my dear Katherine, for goodness' sake don't let me have any more of your innocent little-girlishness. Of course you see

nothing! You have no eyes, no sense, no—— Lottie Seton!—she to give over two of her own men to a pretty, silly, reckless little thing like Stella, just the kind for them! Well, that is the last thing I should have expected. Why, Lottie Seton is nothing without her tail. If they abandon her, she is lost. She is asked to places because she is always sure to be able to bring a few men. What they can see in her nobody knows, but there it is—that's her faculty. And she actually gave over two of her very choicest——'

'You must excuse me, Lady Jane,' said Katherine, 'if I don't want to hear any more of Mrs. Seton and her men. They are exceedingly rude, stupid, disagreeable men. You may think it a fine thing for us to be elevated to the sphere in which we can meet men like Sir Charles Somers. I don't think so. I think he is detestable. I think he believes women to exist only for the purpose of amusing him and making him laugh, like an idiot, as he is!'

Lady Jane sat in her easy-chair and looked sardonically at the passion of the girl, whose face was crimson, whose voice was breaking. She was, with that horrible weakness which a high-spirited girl so resents in herself, so near an outbreak of crying that she could scarcely keep the tears within her eyes. The elder lady looked at her for some time in silence. The sight troubled her a little, and amused her a little also. It occurred to her to say, 'You are surely in love with him yourself,' which was her instinct, but for once forbore, out of a sort of awed sense that here was a creature who was outside of her common rules.

'He is not an idiot, however,' she said at last. 'I don't say he is intellectual. He does think perhaps that women exist, &c. So do most of them, my dear. You will soon find that out if you have anything to do with men. Still, for a good little girl, I have always thought you were nice, Katherine. It is for your sake more than hers that I feel inclined to do that silly little Stella a good turn. How could she be such a little fool? Has she lived on this cliff half her life and doesn't know when a gale's coming on? The more shame to her, then! And I don't doubt that instead of being ashamed she is quite proud of her adventure. And I hear, to make things worse, that Algy Scott went and caught a bad cold over it. That will make his mother and all her set furious with the girl, and say everything about her. He's not going to die—that's a good thing. If he had, she need never have shown her impertinent little nose anywhere again.

Lady Scott's an inveterate woman. It will be bad enough as it is. How are we to get things set right again ?'

'It is a pity you should take any trouble,' said Katherine; 'things are quite right, thank you. We have quite enough in what you call our own *monde*.'

'Well, and what do you find to object to in the word? It is a very good word; the French understand that sort of thing better than we do. So you have quite enough to make you happy in your own *monde*? I don't think so—and I know the world in general better than you do. And, what is more, I am very doubtful indeed whether Stella thinks so.'

'Oh no,' cried a little voice, and Stella, running in, threw herself down at Lady Jane's feet, in the caressing attitude which she had so lately held in spite of herself at Miss Mildmay's. 'Stella doesn't think so at all. Stella will be miserable if you don't take her up and put things right for her, dear Lady Jane. I have been a dreadful little fool. I know it, I know it; but I didn't mean it. I meant nothing but a little—fun. And now there is nobody who can put everything right again but you, and only you.'

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## CHAPTER X.

LADY JANE THURSTON was a fine lady in due place and time; but on other occasions she was a robust countrywoman, ready to walk as sturdily as any man, or to undertake whatever athletic exercise was necessary. When she had gone downstairs again, and been served with a cup of warm tea (now those old cats were gone), she sent her carriage off that the horses might be put under shelter, not to speak of the men, and walked herself in the rain to the hotel, where the two young men were still staying, Captain Scott being as yet unable to be moved. It was one of those hotels which are so pretty in summer, all ivy and clematis, and balconies full of flowers. But on a wet day in October it looked squalid and damp, with its open doorway traversed by many muddy footsteps, and the wreaths of the withered creepers hanging limp about the windows. Lady Jane knew everybody about, and took in them all the interest which a member of the highest class—quite free from any doubt about her position—is able to take with so much more ease and naturalness than any

other. The difference between the Tredgolds, for instance, and Mrs. Black of the hotel in comparison with herself was but slightly marked in her mind. She was impartially kind to both. The difference between them was but one of degree; she herself was of so different a species that the gradations did not count. In consequence of this she was more natural with the Blacks at the hotel than Katherine Tredgold, though in her way a Lady Bountiful and universal friend, could ever have been. She was extremely interested to hear of Mrs. Black's baby, which had come most inopportunately, with a sick gentleman in the house, at least a fortnight before it was expected, and went upstairs to see the mother and administer a word or two of rebuke to the precipitate infant before she proceeded on her own proper errand. 'Silly little thing, to rush into this rain sooner than it could help,' she said; 'but mind you don't do the same, my dear woman. Never trouble your head about the sick gentleman. Don't stir till you have got up your strength.' And then she marched along the passages to the room in which Algy and Charlie sat, glum and tired to death, looking out at the dull sky and the raindrops on the window. They had invented a sort of sport with those same raindrops, watching them as they ran down and backing one against the other. There had just been a close race, and Algy's man had won, to his great delight, when Lady Jane's sharp knock came to the door; so that she went in to the sound of laughter pealing forth from the sick gentleman in such a manner as to reassure any anxious visitor as to the state of his lungs, at least.

'Well, you seem cheerful enough,' Lady Jane said.

'Making the best of it,' said Captain Scott.

'How do, Lady Jane? I say, Algy, there's another starting. Beg pardon, too excitin' to stop. Ten to one on the little fellow. By George, looks as if he knew it, don't he now! Done this time, old man——'

'Never took it,' said Algy, with a kick directed at his friend. 'Shut up! It's awfully kind of you coming to see a fellow—in such weather—Lady Jane!'

'Yes,' she said composedly, placing herself in the easiest chair. 'It would be kind if I had come without a motive—but I don't claim that virtue. How are you, by the way? Better, I hope.'

'Awfully well—as fit as a ——, but they won't let me budge in this weather. I've got a nurse that lords it over me,

and the doctor, don't you know?—daren't stir, not to save my life.'

'And occupying your leisure with elevating pastimes,' said Lady Jane.

'Don't be hard on a man when he's down: nothing to do,' said Sir Charles. 'Desert island sort of thing—Algy educating mouse, and so forth; hard lines upon me.'

'Does he know enough?' said Lady Jane with a polite air of inquiry. 'I am glad to find you both,' she added, 'and not too busy evidently to give me your attention. How did you manage, Algy, to catch such a bad cold?'

'Pneumonia, by Jove,' the young man cried, inspired by so inadequate a description.

'Well, pneumonia—so much the worse—and still more foolish for you who have a weak chest. How did you manage to do it? I wonder if your mother knows, and why it is I don't find her here at your bedside?'

'I say, don't tell her, Lady Jane; it's bad enough being shut up here, without making more fuss, and the whole thing spread all over the place.'

'What is the whole thing?' said Lady Jane.

'Went out in a bit of a yacht,' said Sir Charles, 'clear up a bet, that was why we did it. Caught in a gale—my fault, not Algy's—says he saw it coming—I——'

'You were otherwise occupied, Charlie——'

'Shut up!' Sir Charles was the speaker this time, with a kick in the direction of his companion in trouble.

'I am glad to see you've got some grace left,' said Lady Jane. 'Not you, Algy, you are beyond that—I know all about it, however. It was little Stella Tredgold who ran away with you—or you with her.'

Algy burst into a loud laugh. Sir Charles on his part said nothing, but pulled his long moustache.

'Which is it? And what were the rights of it? and was there any meaning in it, or merely fun, as you call it in your idiotic way?'

'By Jove!' was all the remark the chief culprit made. Algy on his sofa kicked up his feet and roared again.

'Please don't think,' said Lady Jane, 'that I am going to pick my words to please you. I never do it, and especially not to a couple of boys whom I have known since ever they were born, and before that. What do you mean by it, if it is you, Charlie

Somers? I suppose, by Algy's laugh, that he is not the chief offender this time. You know as well as I do that you're not a man to take little girls about. I suppose you must have sense enough to know that, whatever good opinion you may have of yourself. Stella Tredgold may be a little fool, but she's a girl I have taken up, and I don't mean to let her be compromised. A girl that knew anything would have known better than to mix up her name with yours. Now what is the meaning of it? You will just be so good as to inform me.'

'Why, Cousin Jane, it was all the little thing herself.'

'Shut up!' said Sir Charles again, with another kick at Algy's foot.

'Well!' said Lady Jane, very magisterially. No judge upon the bench could look more alarming than she. It is true that her short skirts, her strong walking-shoes, her very severest hat and stiff feather that would bear the rain, were not so impressive as flowing wigs and robes. She had not any of the awe-inspiring trappings of the Law; but she was law all the same, the law of society, which tolerates a great many things, and is not very nice about motives nor forbidding as to details, but yet draws the line—if capriciously sometimes, yet very definitely—between what can and what cannot be done.

'Well,' came at length hesitatingly through the culprit's big moustache. 'Don't know, really—have got anything to say: no meaning at all. There was a bet to clear up—him and me; then sudden thought—just ten minutes—to try the sails. No harm in that, Lady Jane,' he said, more briskly, recovering courage, 'afterwards gale came on; no responsibility,' he cried, throwing up his hands.

'Fact was it was she that was the keenest. I shan't shut up,' cried Algy; 'up to anything, that little thing is. Never minded a bit till it got very bad, and then gave in, but never said a word. No fault of anybody, that is the truth. But turned out badly—for me——'

'And worse for her,' said Lady Jane—'that is, without me; all the old cats will be down upon the girl' (which was not true, the reader knows). 'She is a pretty girl, Charlie.'

Sir Charles, though he was so experienced a person, coloured faintly and gave a nod of his head.

'Stunner, by Jove!' said Algy, 'though I like the little plain one better,' he added in a parenthesis.

'And a very rich girl, Sir Charles,' Lady Jane said,

This time a faint 'O—Oh' came from under the big moustache.

'A *very* rich girl. The father is an old curmudgeon, but he is made of money, and he adores his little girl. I believe he would buy a title for her high and think it cheap.'

'Oh, I say!' exclaimed Sir Charles, with a colour more pronounced upon his cheek.

'Yours is not anything very great in that way,' said the remorseless person on the bench, 'but still it's what he would call a title, you know; and I haven't the least doubt he would come down very handsomely. Old Tredgold knows very well what he is about.'

'Unexpected,' said Sir Charles, 'sort of serious jaw like this. Put it off, if you don't mind, till another time.'

'No time like the present,' said Lady Jane. 'Your father was a great friend of mine, Charlie Somers, besides being my cousin. He once proposed to me—very much left to himself on that occasion, you will say—but still it's true. So I might have been your mother, don't you see. I know your age, therefore, to a day. You are a good bit past thirty, and you have been up to nothing but mischief all your life.'

'Oh, I say now!' exclaimed Sir Charles again.

'Well, now here is a chance for you. Perhaps I began without thinking, but now I'm in great earnest. Here is really a chance for you. Stella's not so nice as her sister, as Algy there (I did not expect it of him) has the sense to see; but she's much more in your way. She is just your kind, a reckless little hot-headed — all for pleasure and never a thought of to-morrow. But that sort of thing is not so risky when you have a good fortune behind you, well tied down. Now, Charlie, listen to me. Here is a capital chance for you; a man at your age, if he is ever going to do anything, should stop playing the fool. These boys even will soon begin to think you an old fellow. Oh, you needn't cry out! I know generations of them, and I understand their ways. A man should stop taking his fling before he gets to thirty-five. Why, Algy there could tell you that, if he had the spirit to speak up.'

'I'm out of it,' said Algy. 'Say whatever you like, it has nothing to do with me.'

'You see,' said Lady Jane, with a little flourish of her hand, 'the boy doesn't contradict me; he daren't contradict me, for it's truth. Now, as I say, here's a chance for you. Abundance of money, and a very pretty girl—whom you like.' She made a

pause here to emphasise her words. 'Whom—you—like. Oh, I know very well what I'm saying. I am going to ask her over to Steephill, and you can come too if you please; and if you don't take advantage of your opportunities, Sir Charles, why you have less sense than even I have given you credit for: and that is a great deal to say.'

'Rather public, don't you think, for that sort of thing? Go in and win, only before an admiring audience. Don't relish exhibitions. If I do anything, will do it my own way.'

This Sir Charles said, standing at the window, gazing out, apparently insensible even of the raindrops, and turning his back upon his adviser.

'Well, take your own way. I don't mind what way you take, so long as you take my advice, which is given in your very best interests, I can tell you. Isn't the regiment ordered out to India, Algy?' she said, turning quickly upon the other. 'And what do you mean to do?'

'Go, of course,' he said—'the very thing for me, they say. And I'm not going to shirk either; see some sport probably out there.'

'And Charlie?' said Lady Jane. There was no apparent connection between her previous argument and this question, yet the very distinct staccato manner in which she said these words called the attention.

Sir Charles, still standing at the window with his back to Lady Jane, once more muttered, 'By Jove!' under his breath, or under his moustache, which came to the same thing.

'Oh, Charlie! He'll exchange, I suppose, and get out of it; too great a swell for India, he is. And how could he live out of reach of Pall Mall?'

'Well, I hope you'll soon be able to move, my dear boy; if the weather keeps mild and the rain goes off you had better come up to Steephill for a few days to get up your strength.'

'Thanks, awf'ly,' said Captain Scott. 'I will with pleasure; and Cousin Jane, if that little prim one should be there——'

'She shan't, not for you, my young man: you have other things to think of. As for Charlie, I shall say no more to him; he can come too if he likes, but not unless he likes. Send me a line to let me know.'

Sir Charles accompanied the visitor solemnly downstairs, but without saying anything until they reached the door, where to his surprise no carriage was waiting.

‘Don’t mean to say you walked—day like this?’ he cried.

‘No; but the horses and the men are used to take care of themselves; they are to meet me at the Rectory. I am going there about this ridiculous bazaar. You can walk with me, if you like,’ she said.

He seized a cap from the stand and lounged out after her into the rain. ‘I say—don’t you know?’ he said, but paused there and added no more.

‘Get it out,’ said Lady Jane.

After a while, as he walked along by her side, his hands deep in his pockets, the rain soaking pleasantly into his thick tweed coat, he resumed: ‘Unexpected serious sort of jaw that, before little beggar like Algy—who laughs at everything.’

‘There was no chance of speaking to you alone,’ said Lady Jane almost apologetically.

‘Suppose not. Don’t say see my way to it, however. Don’t deny, though—reason in it.’

‘And inclination, eh? Not much of one without the other, if I am any judge.’

‘First-rate judge, by Jove!’ Sir Charles said.

And he added no more. But when he took leave of Lady Jane at the Rectory he took a long walk by himself in the rain, skirting the gardens of the Cliff and getting out upon the downs beyond, where the steady downfall penetrated into him, soaking the tweed in a kind of affectionate natural way as of a material prepared for the purpose. He strolled along with his hands in his pockets and the cap over his eyes as if it had been a summer day, liking it all the better for the wetness and the big masses of the clouds and the leaden monotone of the sea. It was all so dismal that it gave him a certain pleasure; he seemed all the more free to think of his own concerns, to consider the new panorama opened before him, which perhaps, however, was not so new as Lady Jane supposed. She had forced open the door and made him look in, giving all the details; but he had been quite conscious that it had been there before, within his reach, awaiting his inspection. There were a great many inducements, no doubt, to make that fantastic prospect real if he could. He did not want to go to India, though indeed it would have been very good for him in view of his sadly reduced finances and considerably affected credit in both senses of that word. He had not much credit at headquarters, that he knew; he was not what people call a good officer. No doubt he would have been brave enough

had there been fighting to do, and he was not disliked by his men, his character of a 'careless beggar' being quite as much for good as for evil among those partial observers; but his credit in higher regions was not great. Credit in the other sense of the word was a little failing too, tradesmen having a wonderful *flair* as to a man's resources and the rising and falling of his account at his bankers'. It would do him much good to go to India and devote himself to his profession; but then he did not want to go. Was it last of all or first of all that another motive came in—little Stella herself, to wit, though she broke down so much in her attempts to imitate Lottie Seton's ways, and was not amusing at all in that point of view? Stella had perhaps behaved better on that impromptu yachting trip than she was herself aware. Certainly she was far more guilty in the beginning of it than she herself allowed. But when the night was dark and the storm high, she had—what had she done? Behaved very well and made the men admire her pluck, or behaved very badly and frightened them—I cannot tell; anyhow, she had been very natural, she had done and said only what it came into her head to say and to do, without any affectation or thought of effect; and the sight of the little girl, very silly and yet so entirely herself, scolding them, upbraiding them, though she was indeed the most to blame, yet bearing her punishment not so badly after all, and not without sympathy for them, had somehow penetrated Charles Somers' very hardened heart. She was a nice little girl—she was a very pretty little girl—she was a creature one would not tire of, even if she were not amusing like Lottie Seton. If a man was to have anything more to do with her, it was to be hoped she never would be amusing like Lottie Seton. He paced along the downs he never knew how long, pondering these questions; but he was not a man very good at thinking. In the end he came to no more than a very much strengthened conviction that Stella Tredgold was a very pretty little girl.

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## CHAPTER XI.

IT shut the mouths of all the gossips, or rather it afforded a new but less exciting subject of comment, when it was known that Stella Tredgold had gone off on a visit to Steephill. I am not sure that Mrs. Shanks and Miss Mildmay did not feel themselves

deceived a little. They had pledged themselves to Stella's championship in a moment of enthusiasm, stimulated thereto by a strong presumption of the hostility of Lady Jane. Miss Mildmay in particular had felt that she had a foeman worthy of her steel, and that it would be an enterprise worth her while to bring the girl out with flying colours from any boycotting or unfriendly action directed by the great lady of the district; and to find that Stella had been taken immediately under Lady Jane's wing disturbed her composure greatly. There was great talk over the railing between the ladies, and even, as it became a little too cold for these outdoor conferences, in the drawing-rooms in both houses, under the shade of the verandah which made these apartments a little dark and gloomy at this season of the year. But I must not occupy the reader's time with any account of these talks, for as a matter of fact the ladies had committed themselves and given their promise, which, though offended, they were too high-minded to take back. It conduced, however, to a general cooling of the atmosphere about them, that what everybody in Sliplin and the neighbourhood now discussed was not Stella's escapade, but Stella's visit to Steephill, where there was a large party assembled, and where her accomplices in that escapade were to be her fellow-guests. What did this mean? was now the question demanded. Had Lady Jane any intentions in respect to Stella? Was there 'anything between' her and either of these gentlemen? But this was a question to which no one as yet had any reply.

Stella herself was so much excited by the prospect that all thought of the previous adventure died out of her mind. Save at a garden party, she had never been privileged to enter Lady Jane's house except on the one occasion when she and Katherine stayed all night after a ball; and then there were many girls besides themselves, and no great attention was paid to them. But to be the favoured guest, almost the young lady of the house, among a large company was a very different matter. Telegrams flew to right and left—to dressmakers, milliners, glovers, and I don't know how many more. Stevens, the maid, whom at present she shared with Katherine, but who was, of course, to accompany her to Steephill as her own separate attendant, was despatched to town after the telegrams with more detailed and close instructions. The girl shook off all thought both of her own adventure and of her companions in it. She already felt herself flying at higher game. There was a nephew of Lady Jane's, a young earl, who, it

was known, was to be there, a much more important personage than any trumpery baronet. This she informed her father, to his great delight, as he gave her his paternal advice with much unction the evening before she went away.

'That's right, Stella,' he said; 'always fly at the highest—and them that has most money.' This Sir Charles, I wager you anything, he is after you for your fortune. I dare say he hasn't a penny. He thinks he can come and hang up his hat and nothing more to do all his life. But he'll find he's a bit mistaken with me.'

'It isn't very nice of you, papa,' said Stella, 'to think I am only run after because I have money—or because you have money, for not much of it comes to me.'

'Ain't she satisfied with her allowance?' said the old gentleman, looking over Stella's head at her elder sister. 'It's big enough. Your poor mother would have dressed herself and me and the whole family off half of what that little thing gets through. It is a deal better the money should be in my hands, my pet. And if any man comes after you, you may take your oath he shan't have you cheap. He'll have to put down shillin' for shillin', I can tell you. You find out which is the one that has the most money, and go for him. Bad's the best among all them earls and things, but keep your eyes open, Stella, and mark the one that's best off.' Here he gave utterance to a huge chuckle. 'Most people would think she would never find that out; looks as innocent as a daisy, don't she, Katie? But she's got the old stuff in her all the same.'

'I don't know what you call the old stuff,' said Stella, indignant; 'it must be very nasty stuff. What does your horrid money do for me? I have not half enough to dress on, and you go over my bills with your spectacles as if I were Simmons, the cook. If you had a chest full of diamonds and rubies, and gave us a handful now and then, that is the kind of richness I should like; but I have no jewels at all,' cried the girl, putting up her hand to her neck, which was encircled by a modest row of small pearls; 'and they will all be in their diamonds and things.'

Mr. Tredgold's countenance fell a little. 'Is that true?' he said. 'Katie, is that true?'

'Girls are not expected to wear diamonds,' said Katie; 'at least, I don't think so, papa.'

'Oh, what does she know? That's all old-fashioned nowadays. Girls wear just whatever they can get to wear: and why shouldn't

girls wear diamonds? Don't you think I should set them off better than Lady Jane, papa?' cried Stella, tossing her young head.

Mr. Tredgold was much amused by this question; he chuckled and laughed over it till he nearly lost his breath. 'All the difference between parchment and white satin, ain't there, Katie? Well, I don't say as you mightn't have some diamonds. They're things that always keep their value. It's not a paying investment, but, anyhow, you're sure of your capital. They don't wear out, don't diamonds. So that's what you're after, Miss Stella. Just you mind what you're about, and don't send me any young fool without a penny in his pocket, but a man that can afford to keep you like you've been kept all your life. And I'll see about the jewels,' Mr. Tredgold said.

The consequence of this conversation was that little Stella appeared at Steephill, notwithstanding her vapoury and girlish toilettes of white chiffon and other such airy fabrics, with a *riviere* of diamonds sparkling round her pretty neck, which, indeed, did them much greater justice than did Lady Jane. Ridiculous for a little girl, all the ladies said—but yet impressive more or less, and suggestive of illimitable wealth on the part of the foolish old man, who, quite unaware what was suitable, bedizened his little daughter like that. And Stella was excited by her diamonds and by the circumstances, and the fact that she was the youngest there, and the most fun; for who would expect fun from portly matrons or weather-beaten middle age, like Lady Jane's? To do her justice, she never or hardly ever thought, as she might very well have done, that she was the prettiest little person in the party. On the contrary, she was a little disposed to be envious of Lady Mary, the niece of Lady Jane and sister of the Earl, who was not pretty in the least, but who was tall, and had a figure which all the ladies' maids, including Stevens, admired much. 'Oh, if you only was as tall as Lady Mary, Miss Stella,' Stevens said. 'Oh, I wish as you had that kind of figger—her waist ain't more than eighteen inches, for all as she's so tall.' Stella had felt nearly disposed to cry over her inferiority. She was as light as a feather in her round and blooming youth, but she was not so slim as Lady Mary. It was a consolation to be able to say to herself that at least she was more fun.

Lady Mary, it turned out, was not fun at all; neither most surely was the young Earl. He talked to Stella, whom, and her diamonds, he approached gravely, feeling that the claims of beauty

were as real as those of rank or personal importance, and that the qualification of youth was as worthy of being taken into consideration as that of age: for he was a philosopher and much interested in University Extension, and the great advantage it was to the lower classes to share the culture of those above them.

'Oh, I am sure I am not cultured at all,' cried Stella. 'I am as ignorant as a goose. I can't spell any big words, or do any of the things that people do.'

'You must not expect to take me in with professions of ignorance,' said the Earl with a smile. 'I know how ladies read, and how much they do nowadays—perhaps in a different way from us, but just as important.'

'Oh no, no,' cried Stella; 'it is quite true, I can't spell a bit,' and her eyes and her diamonds sparkled, and a certain radiance of red and white, sheen of satin, and shimmer of curls, and fun and audacity, and youth, made a sort of atmosphere round her, by which the grave youth, prematurely burdened by the troubles of his country and the lower classes, felt dazzled and uneasy, as if too warm a sun was shining full upon him.

'Where's a book?' cried Algy Scott, who sat by in the luxury of his convalescence. 'Let's try; I don't believe any of you fellows could spell this any more than Miss Stella—here you are—sesquipedalian. Now, Miss Tredgold, there is your chance.'

Stella put her pretty head on one side, and her hands behind her. This was a sort of thing which she understood better than University Extension. 'S-e-s,' she began, and then broke off. 'Oh, what is the next syllable? Break it down into little, quite little syllables—*quip*—I know that, q-u-i-p. There, oh, help me, help me, some one!' There was quite a crush round the little shining, charming figure, as she turned from one to another in pretended distress, holding out her pretty hands. And then there were several tries, artificially unsuccessful, and the greatest merriment in the knot which surrounded Stella, thinking it all 'great fun.' The Earl, with a smile on his face which was not so superior as he thought, but a little tinged by the sense of being 'out of it,' was edged outside of this laughing circle, and Lady Mary came and placed her arm within his to console him. The brother and sister lingered for a moment looking on with a disappointed chill, though they were so superior; but it became clear to his lordship from that moment, though with a little envy in the midst of the shock and disapproval, that Stella Tredgold, unable to spell and laughing over it with all those fellows, was not the heroine for him.

Lady Jane, indeed, would have been both angry and disappointed had the case turned out otherwise; for her nephew was not poor and did not stand in need of any *mésalliance*, whereas she had planned the whole affair for Charlie Somers' benefit and no other. And, indeed, the plan worked very well. Sir Charles had no objection at all to the rôle assigned him. Stella did not require to be approached with any show of deference or devotion; she was quite willing to be treated as a chum, to respond to a call more curt than reverential. 'I say, come on and see the horses.' 'Look here, Miss Tredgold, let's have a stroll before lunch.' 'Come along and look at the puppies.' These were the kind of invitations addressed to her; and Stella came along tripping, buttoning up her jacket, putting on a cap, the first she could find, upon her fluffy hair. She was *bon camarade*, and did not 'go in for sentiment.' It was she who was the first to call him Charlie, as she had been on the eve of doing several times in the Lottie Seton days, which now looked like the age before the Flood to this pair.

'Fancy only knowing you through that woman,' cried Stella; 'and you should have heard how she bullied me after that night of the sail!'

'Jealous,' said Sir Charles in his moustache. 'Never likes to lose any fellow she knows.'

'But she was not losing you!' cried Stella with much innocence. 'What harm could it do her that you spent one evening with—anyone else?'

'Knows better than that, does Lottie,' the laconic lover said.

'Oh, stuff!' cried Stella. 'It was only to make herself disagreeable. But she never was any friend of mine.'

'Not likely. Lottie knows a thing or two. Not so soft as all that. Put you in prison if she could—push you out of her way.'

'But I was never in her way,' cried Stella.

At which Sir Charles laughed loud and long. 'Tell you what it is—as bad as Lottie. Can't have you talk to fellows like Uppin'ton. Great prig, not your sort at all. Call myself your sort, Stella, eh? Anyhow, you are mine.'

'I don't know what you mean by your sort,' Stella said, but with downcast eyes.

'Yes, you do—chums—always get on. Awf'ly fond of you, don't you know? Eh? Marriage awf' bore, but can't be helped. Look here! I'm off to India if you won't have me,' the wooer said.

'Oh, Charlie!'

'Fact; can't stand it here any more—except you'd have me, Stella.'

'I don't want,' said Stella with a little gasp, 'to have any one—just now.'

'Not surprised,' said Sir Charles; 'marriage awf'l bore. Glad regiment's ordered off; no good in England now. I'm off to knock about in India; get knocked on the head most likely. No fault of yours—if you can't cotton to it, little girl.'

'Oh, Charlie! but I don't want you to go to India,' Stella said.

'Well, then, keep me here. There are no two ways of it,' he said more distinctly than usual, holding out his hand.

And Stella put her hand with a little hesitation into his. She was not quite sure she wanted to do so. But she did not want him to go away. And though marriage was an 'awf'l bore,' the preparations for it were 'great fun.' And he was her sort—they were quite sure to get on. She liked him better than any of the others, far better than that prig, Uppington, though he was an earl. And it would be nice on the whole to be called my Lady, and not Miss any longer. And Charlie was very nice; she liked him far better than any of the others. This was the refrain of Stella's thoughts as she turned over in her own room all she had done. To be married at twenty is pleasant too. Some girls nowadays do not marry till thirty or near it, when they are almost decrepit. That was what would happen to Kate; if, indeed, she ever married at all. Stella's mind then jumped to a consideration of the wedding presents and who would give her, what: and then to her own appearance in her wedding dress, walking down the aisle of the old church. What a fuss all the Stanleys would be in about the decorations! and then there were the bridesmaids to be thought of. Decidedly the preliminaries would be great fun. Then, of course, afterwards she would be presented and go into society—real society—not this mere country house business. On the whole there was a great deal that was desirable in it, all round.

'Now have over the little prim one for me,' said Algy Scott. 'I say, Cousin Jane, you owe me that much. It was I that really suffered for that little thing's whim—and to get no good of it; while Charlie—no, I don't want this one, the little prim one for my money. If you are going to have a dance to end off with, have her over for me.'

'I may have her over, but not for you, my boy,' said Lady Jane. 'I have the fear of your mother before my eyes, if you

haven't. A little Tredgold girl for my Lady Scott! No, thank you, Algy; I am not going to fly in your mother's face, whatever you may do.'

'Somebody will have to fly in her face sooner or later,' Algy said composedly; 'and, mind you, my mother would like to tread gold as well as any one.'

'Don't abandon every principle, Algy. I can forgive anything but a pun.'

'It's such a very little one,' he said.

And Lady Jane did ask Katherine to the dance, who was very much bewildered by the state of affairs, by her sister's engagement, which everybody knew about, and the revolution which had taken place in everything, without the least intimation being conveyed to those most concerned. Captain Scott's attentions to herself were the least of her thoughts. She was impatient of the ball—impatient of further delay. Would it all be so easy as Stella thought? Would the old man, as they called him, take it with as much delight as was expected? She pushed Algy away from her mind as if he had been a fly in the great preoccupations of her thoughts.

## CHAPTER XII.

'BRAVO, Charlie!' said Lady Jane. 'I never knew anything better or quicker done. My congratulations! You have proved yourself a man of sense and business. Now you've got to tackle the old man.'

'Nothin' of th' sort,' said Sir Charles, with a dull blush covering all that was not hair of his countenance. 'Sweet on little girl. Like her awf'ly; none of your business for me.'

'So much the better, and I respect you all the more; but now comes the point at which you have really to show yourself a hero and a man of mettle—the old father—'

Sir Charles walked the whole length of the great drawing-room and back again. He pulled at his moustache till it seemed likely that it might come off. He thrust one hand deep into his pocket, putting up the corresponding shoulder. 'Ah!' he said with a long-drawn breath, 'there's the rub.' He was not aware that he was quoting any one, but yet would have felt more or less

comforted by the thought that a fellow in his circumstances had said the same thing before him.

'Yes, there's the rub indeed,' said his sympathetic but amused friend and backer-up. 'Stella is the apple of his eye.'

'Shows sense in that.'

'Well, perhaps,' said Lady Jane doubtfully. She thought the little prim one might have had a little consideration too, being partially enlightened as to a certain attractiveness in Katherine through the admiration of Algy Scott. 'However, it will make it all the harder. He will probably like his pet child to be Lady Somers, which sounds very well. Anyhow, you must settle it with him at once. I can't let it be said that I let girls be proposed to in my house, and that afterwards the men don't come up to the scratch.'

'Not my way,' said Sir Charles. 'Never refuse—even it were a harder jump than that.'

'Oh, you don't know how hard a jump it is till you try,' said Lady Jane. But she did not really expect that it would be hard. That old Tredgold should not be pleased with such a marriage for his daughter did not occur to either of them. Of course Charlie Somers was poor; if he had been rich it was not at all likely that he would have wanted to marry Stella; but Lady Somers was a pretty title, and no doubt the old man would desire to have his favourite child so distinguished. Lady Jane was an extremely sensible woman, and as likely to estimate the people round her at their just value as anybody I know; but she could not get it out of her head that to be hoisted into society was a real advantage, however it was accomplished, whether by marriage or in some other way. Was she right? was she wrong? Society is made up of very silly people, but also there the best are to be met, and there is something in the Freemasonry within these imaginary boundaries which is attractive to the wistful imagination without. But was Mr. Tredgold aware of these advantages, or did he know even what society was, or that his daughters were not in it? This was what Lady Jane did not know. Somers, it need not be said, did not think on the subject. What he thought of was that old Tredgold's money would enable him to marry, to fit out his old house as it ought to be, and restore it to its importance in his county, and, in the first place of all, would prevent the necessity of going to India with his regiment. This, indeed, was the first thing in his mind, after the pleasure of securing Stella, which, especially since all the men in the house had so flattered

and run after her, had been very gratifying to him. He loved her as well as he understood love, or she either. They were on very equal terms.

Katherine did not give him any very warm reception when the exciting news was communicated to her; but then Katherine was the little prim one, and not effusive to any one. 'She is always like that,' Stella had said—'a stick! but she'll stand up for me, whatever happens, all the same.'

'I say,' cried Sir Charles, alarmed—'think it'll be a hard job, eh? with the old man, don't you know?'

'You will please,' said Stella with determination, 'speak more respectfully of papa. I don't know if it'll be a hard job or not—but you're big enough for that, or anything, I hope.'

'Oh, I'm big enough,' he said; but there was a certain faltering in his tone.

He did not drive with the two girls on their return to the Cliff the morning after the ball, but walked in to Sliplin the five miles to pull himself together. He had no reason that he knew of to feel anxious. The girl—it was by this irreverent title that he thought of her, though he was so fond of her—liked him, and her father, it was reported, saw everything with Stella's eyes. She was the one that he favoured in everything. No doubt it was she who would have the bulk of his fortune. Sir Charles magnanimously resolved that he would not see the other wronged—that she should always have her share, whatever happened. He remembered long afterwards the aspect of the somewhat muddy road, and the hawthorn hedges with the russet leaves hanging to them still, and here and there a bramble with the intense red of a leaf lighting up the less brilliant colour. Yes, she should always have her share! He had a half-conscious feeling that to form so admirable a resolution would do him good in the crisis that was about to come.

Mr. Tredgold stood at the door to meet his daughters when they came home, very glad to see them, and to know that everybody was acquainted with the length of Stella's stay at Steephill, and the favour shown her by Lady Jane: and delighted to have them back also, and to feel that these two pretty creatures—and especially the prettier of the two—were his own private property, though there were no girls like them, far or near. 'Well,' he said, 'so here you are back again—glad to be back again I'll be bound, though you've been among all the grantees! Nothing like home, is there, Stella, after all?' (He said 'ome, alas! and

Stella felt it as she had never done before.) 'Well, you are very welcome to your old pa. Made a great sensation, did you, little 'un, diamonds and all? How did the diamonds go down, eh, Stella? You must give them to me to put in my safe, for they're not safe, valuable things like that, with you.'

'Dear papa, do you think all that of the diamonds?' said Stella. 'They are only little things—nothing to speak of. You should have seen the diamonds at Steephill. If you think they are worth putting in the safe, pray do so; but I should not think of giving you the trouble. Well, we didn't come back to think of the safe and my little *rivière*, did we, Kate? As for that, the pendant you have given her is handsomer of its kind, papa.'

'Couldn't leave Katie out, could I, when I was giving you such a thing as that?' said Mr. Tredgold a little confused.

'Oh, I hope you don't think I'm jealous,' cried Stella. 'Kate doesn't have things half nice enough. She ought to have them nicer than mine, for she is the elder. We amused ourselves very well, thank you, papa. Kate couldn't move without Algy Scott after her wherever she turned. You'll have him coming over here to make love to you.'

'I think you might say a word of something a great deal more important, Stella.'

'Oh, let me alone with your seriousness. Papa will hear of that fast enough, when you know Charlie is—— I'm going upstairs to take off my things. I'll bring the diamonds if I can remember,' she added, pausing for a moment at the door and waving her hand to her father, who followed her with delighted eyes.

'What a saucy little thing she is!' he said. 'You and I have a deal to put up with from that little hussy, Katie, haven't we? But there aren't many like her, all the same, are there? We shouldn't like it if we were to lose her. She keeps everything going with her impudent little ways.'

'You are in great danger of losing her, papa. There is a man on the road——'

'What's that—what's that, Katie? A man that is after my Stella? A man to rob me of my little girl? Well, I like 'em to come after her, I like to see her with a lot at her feet. And who's this one? The man with a handle to his name?'

'Yes; I suppose you would call it a handle. It was one of the men that were out in the boat with her—Sir Charles——'

'Oh!' said Mr. Tredgold, his countenance falling. 'And why didn't t'other one—his lordship—come forward? I don't

care for none of your Sir Charleses—reminds me of a puppy, that name.'

'The puppies are King Charles's, papa. I don't know why the Earl did not come forward; because he didn't want to, I suppose. And, indeed, he was not Stella's sort at all.'

'Stella's sort! Stella's sort!' cried the old man. 'What right has Stella to have a sort when she might have got a crown to put on her pretty head? Coronet? Yes, I know; it's all the same. And where is this fellow? Do you mean that you brought him in my carriage, hiding him somewhere between your petticoats? I will soon settle your Sir Charles, unless he can settle shilling to shilling with me.'

'Sir Charles is walking,' said Katherine; 'and, papa, please to remember that Stella is fond of him, she is really fond of him; she is—in love with him. At least I think so, otherwise—— You would not do anything to make Stella unhappy, papa?'

'You leave that to me,' said the old man; but he chuckled more than ever.

Katherine did not quite understand her father, but she concluded that he was not angry—that he could not be going to receive the suitor unfavourably, that there was nothing to indicate a serious shock of any kind. She followed Stella upstairs, and went into her room to comfort her with this assurance; for which I cannot say that Stella was at all grateful.

'Not angry? Why should he be angry?' the girl cried. 'Serious? I never expected him to be serious. What could he find to object to in Charlie? I am not anxious about it at all.'

Katherine withdrew into her own premises, feeling herself much humbled and set down. But somehow she could not make herself happy about that chuckle of Mr. Tredgold's. It was not a pleasant sound to hear.

Sir Charles Somers felt it very absurd that he should own a tremor in his big bosom as he walked up the drive, all fringed with its rare plants in every shade of autumn colour. It was not a long drive, and the house by no means a 'place,' but only a seaside villa, though (as Mr. Tredgold hoped) the costliest house in the neighbourhood. The carriage had left fresh marks upon the gravel, which were in a kind of way the footsteps of his beloved, had the wooer been sentimental enough to think of that. What he did think of was whether the old fellow would see him at once and settle everything before lunch, comfortably, or whether he should walk into a family party with the girls hanging about,

not thinking it worth while to take off their hats before that meal was over. There might be advantage in this. It would put a little strength into himself, who was unquestionably feeling shaky, ridiculous as that was, and would be the better, after his walk, for something to eat ; and it might also put old Tredgold in a better humour to have his luncheon before this important interview. But, on the other hand, there was the worry of the suspense. Somers did not know whether he was glad or sorry when he was told that Mr. Tredgold was in his library, and was led through the long passages to that warm room which was at the back of the house. A chair was placed for him just in front of the fire as he had foreseen, and the day, though damp, was warm, and he had heated himself with his long walk.

‘Sit down, sit down, Sir Charles,’ said the old gentleman, whose writing-table was placed at one side, where he had the benefit of the warmth without the glare of the fire. And he leant amicably and cheerfully across the corner of the table, and said, ‘What can I do for you this morning?’ rubbing his hands. He looked so like a genial money-lender before the demands of the borrower are exposed to him, that Sir Charles, much more accustomed to that sort of thing than to a prospective father-in-law, found it very difficult not to propose, instead of for Stella, that Mr. Tredgold should do him a little bill. He got through his statement of the case in a most confused and complicated way. It was indeed possible, if it had not been for the hint received beforehand, that the old man would not have picked up his meaning ; as it was, he listened patiently with a calm face of amusement, which was the most aggravating thing in the world.

‘Am I to understand,’ he said at last, ‘that you are making me a proposal for Stella, Sir Charles? Eh? It is for Stella, is it, and not for any other thing? Come, that’s a good thing to understand each other. Stella is a great pet of mine. She is a very great pet. There is nobody in the world that I think like her, or that I would do so much for.’

‘M’ own feelings—to a nicety—but better expressed,’ Sir Charles said.

‘That girl has had a deal of money spent on her, Sir Charles, first and last ; you wouldn’t believe the money that girl has cost me : and I don’t say she ain’t worth it. But she’s a very expensive article, and has been all her life. It’s right you should look that in the face before we get any forwarder. She has always

had everything she has fancied, and she'll cost her husband a deal of money, when she gets one, as she has done me.'

This address made Somers feel very small, for what could he reply? To have been quite truthful, the only thing he could have said would have been, 'I hope, sir, you will give her so much money that it will not matter how expensive she is;' but this he could not say. 'I know very well,' he stammered, 'a lady—wants a lot of things;—hope Stella—will never—suffer, don't you know?—through giving her to me.'

Ah, how easy it was to say that! But not at all the sort of thing to secure Stella's comfort, or her husband's either, which, on the whole, was the more important of the two to Sir Charles.

'That's just what we've got to make sure of,' said old Tredgold, chuckling more than ever. There was no such joke to the old man as this which he was now enjoying. And he did not look forbidding or malevolent at all. Though what he said was rather alarming, his face seemed to mean nothing but amiability and content. 'Now, look here, Sir Charles: I don't know what your circumstances are, and they would be no business of mine, but for this that you've been telling me; you young fellows are not very often flush o' money, but you may have got it tied up, and that sort of thing. I don't give my daughter to any man as can't count down upon the table shillin' for shillin' with me.' This he said very deliberately, with an emphasis on every word; then he made a pause, and, putting his hand in his pocket, produced a large handful of coins, which he proceeded to tell out in lines upon the table before him. Sir Charles watched him in consternation for a moment, and then with a sort of fascination followed his example. By some happy chance he had a quantity of change in his pocket. He began with perfect gravity to count it out on his side, coin after coin, in distinct rows. The room was quite silent, the air only moved by the sound of a cinder falling now and then on the hearth and the clink of the money as the two actors in this strange little drama went on with the greatest seriousness counting out coin after coin.

When they had both finished they looked up and met each other's eyes. Then Mr. Tredgold threw himself back in his chair, kicking up his cloth-shod feet. 'See?' he cried, with a gurgle of laughter in his throat, 'that's the style for me.'

He was pleased to have his fine jest appreciated, and doubly amused by the intense and puzzled gravity of his companion's face.

'Don't seem to have as many as you,' Sir Charles said. 'Five short, by Jove.'

'Shillin's don't matter,' said the old man; 'but suppose every shillin' was five thousand pounds, and where would you be then, eh? perhaps you would go on longer than I could. What do I know of your private affairs? But that's what the man that gets Stella will have to do—table down his money, cent for cent, five thousand for five thousand, as I do. I know what my little girl costs a year. I won't have her want for anything, if it's ever so unreasonable; so, my fine young man, though you've got a handle to your name, unless you can show the colour of your money, my daughter is not for you.'

Sir Charles Somers' eyes were full of a heavy stare of astonishment and consternation. What he said in his disappointment and horror he did not himself know—only one part of it fully reached the outer air, and that was the unfortunate words, 'money of her own.'

'Money of her own!' cried old Tredgold. 'Oh yes, she's got money of her own—plenty of money of her own—but not to keep a husband upon. No, nor to keep herself either. Her husband's got to keep her, when she gets one. If I count out to the last penny of my fortune he's got to count with me. I'll give her the equal. I'll not stint a penny upon her; but give my money or her money, it's all the same thing, to keep up another family, her husband and her children, and the whole race of them—no, Sir Charles Somers,' cried Mr. Tredgold, hastily shuffling his silver into his pocket, 'that's not good enough for me.'

Saying which he jumped up in his cloth shoes and began to walk about the room, humming to himself loudly something which he supposed to be a tune. Sir Charles, for his part, sat for a long time gazing at his money on the table. He did not take it up as Tredgold had done. He only stared at it vacantly, going over it without knowing, line by line. Then he, too, rose slowly.

'Can't count with you,' he said. 'Know I can't. Chance this—will you put down what I put down—no more? Let you off with that: but got to go to India in that case. Never mind, Stella and I—'

'Don't you speak any more of Stella. I won't have it. Go to India, indeed—my little girl! I will see you—further first. I will see you at the bottom of the sea first! No. If you can count with me, something like, you can send your lawyer to me. If you can't, do you think I'm a man to put pounds again' your

shillin's? Not I! And I advise you just to give it up, Sir Charles Somers, and speak no more about Stella to me.'

It was with the most intense astonishment that Charlie Somers found himself out of doors, going humbly back along that drive by which he had approached so short a time before, as he thought, his bride, his happiness, and his luncheon. He went dismally away without any of them, stupefied, not half conscious what had happened; his tail more completely between his legs, to use his own simile, than whipped dog ever had. He had left all his shillings on the table laid out in two shining rows. But he did not think of his shillings. He could not think. His consternation made him speechless both in body and in soul.

It was not till late in the afternoon, when he had regained his self-command a little, that he began to ask himself the question, What would Stella do? Ah, what would Stella do? That was another side of the question altogether.

*(To be continued.)*

## *Fables.*

[The fable, as a form of literary art, had at all times a great attraction for Mr. Stevenson, and in an early review of Lord Lytton's 'Fables and Song' he attempted to define some of its proper aims and methods. To this class of work, according to his conception of the matter, belonged essentially several of his own shorter, semi-supernatural stories, such as 'Will of the Mill' and 'Markheim.' He was accustomed also to try his hand occasionally on the composition of fables in a stricter sense, and in the conventional brief and concentrated form. By the winter of 1887-88 he had enough of these by him, together with a few others running to greater length, and conceived in a more mystic and legendary vein, to enable him, as he thought, to see his way towards making a book of them. Such a book he promised to Messrs. Longman on the occasion of a visit paid him in New York by the Editor of this Magazine in the spring of 1888. Then came his voyage in the Pacific and residence at Samoa. In the multitude of new interests and images which filled his mind during the last six years of his life, he seems to have given little thought to the proposed volume of fables, although one or two, as will be seen, were composed during this period. It has been handed by the author's representatives to Messrs. Longman for publication in this Magazine, with the exception of a few pieces that were mere drafts, or stood in manifest need of revision.—S. C.]

### I.

#### *THE PERSONS OF THE TALE.*

**A**FTER the 32nd chapter of *Treasure Island*, two of the puppets strolled out to have a pipe before business should begin again, and met in an open place not far from the story.

'Good morning, Cap'n,' said the first, with a man-o'-war salute and a beaming countenance.

'Ah, Silver!' grunted the other. 'You're in a bad way, Silver.'

'Now, Cap'n Smollett,' remonstrated Silver, 'dooty is dooty, as I knows, and none better; but we're off dooty now; and I can't see no call to keep up the morality business.'

'You're a damned rogue, my man,' said the Captain.

'Come, come, Cap'n, be just,' returned the other. 'There's no call to be angry with me in earnest. I'm on'y a chara'ter in a sea story. I don't really exist.'

'Well, I don't really exist either,' says the Captain, 'which seems to meet that.'

'I wouldn't set no limits to what a virtuous chara'ter might consider argument,' responded Silver. 'But I'm the villain of this tale, I am; and speaking as one seafaring man to another, what I want to know is, what's the odds?'

'Were you never taught your catechism?' said the Captain. 'Don't you know there's such a thing as an Author?'

'Such a thing as a Author?' returned John, derisively. 'And who better'n me? And the p'int is, if the Author made you, he made Long John, and he made Hands, and Pew, and George Merry—not that George is up to much, for he's little more'n a name; and he made Flint, what there is of him; and he made this here mutiny, you keep such a work about; and he had Tom Redruth shot; and—well, if that's a Author, give me Pew!'

'Don't you believe in a future state?' said Smollett. 'Do you think there's nothing but the present story-paper?'

'I don't rightly know for that,' said Silver; 'and I don't see what it's got to do with it, anyway. What I know is this: if there is sich a thing as a Author, I'm his favourite chara'ter. He does me fathoms better'n he does you—fathoms, he does. And he likes doing me. He keeps me on deck mostly all the time, crutch and all; and he leaves you measling in the hold, where nobody can't see you, nor wants to, and you may lay to that! If there is a Author, by thunder, but he's on my side, and you may lay to it!'

'I see he's giving you a long rope,' said the Captain. 'But that can't change a man's convictions. I know the author respects me; I feel it in my bones; when you and I had that talk at the blockhouse door, who do you think he was for, my man?'

'And don't he respect me?' cried Silver. 'Ah, you should 'a' heard me putting down my mutiny, George Merry and Morgan and that lot, no longer ago'n last chapter; you'd 'a' heard something then! You'd 'a' seen what the Author thinks

o' me! But come now, do you consider yourself a virtuous chara'ter clean through?'

'God forbid!' said Captain Smollett solemnly. 'I am a man that tries to do his duty, and makes a mess of it as often as not. I'm not a very popular man at home, Silver, I'm afraid,' and the Captain sighed.

'Ah,' says Silver. 'Then how about this sequel of yours? Are you to be Cap'n Smollett just the same as ever, and not very popular at home, says you? And if so, why it's *Treasure Island* over again, by thunder; and I'll be Long John, and Pew'll be Pew; and we'll have another mutiny, as like as not. Or are you to be somebody else? And if so, why, what the better are you? and what the worse am I?'

'Why, look here, my man,' returned the Captain, 'I can't understand how this story comes about at all, can I? I can't see how you and I, who don't exist, should get to speaking here, and smoke our pipes, for all the world like reality? Very well, then, who am I to pipe up with my opinions? I know the Author's on the side of good; he tells me so, it runs out of his pen as he writes. Well, that's all I need to know; I'll take my chance upon the rest.'

'It's a fact he seemed to be against George Merry,' Silver admitted musingly. 'But George is little more'n a name at the best of it,' he added brightening. 'And to get into soundings for once. What is this good? I made a mutiny, and I been a gentleman o' fortune; well, but by all stories, you ain't no such saint. I'm a man that keeps company very easy; even by your own account, you ain't, and to my certain knowledge, you're a devil to haze. Which is which? Which is good, and which bad? Ah, you tell me that! Here we are in stays, and you may lay to it!'

'We're none of us perfect,' replied the Captain. 'That's a fact of religion, my man. All I can say is, I try to do my duty; and if you try to do yours, I can't compliment you on your success.'

'And so you was the judge, was you?' said Silver, derisively.

'I would be both judge and hangman for you, my man, and never turn a hair,' returned the Captain. 'But I get beyond that: it mayn't be sound theology, but it's common sense, that what is good is useful too—or there and thereabout, for I don't set up to be a thinker. Now, where would a story go to, if there were no virtuous characters?'

'If you go to that,' replied Silver, 'where would a story begin, if there wasn't no villains?'

'Well, that's pretty much my thought,' said Captain Smollett. 'The author has to get a story; that's what he wants; and to get a story, and to have a man like the doctor (say) given a proper chance, he has to put in men like you and Hands. But he's on the right side; and you mind your eye! You're not through this story yet; there's trouble coming for you.'

'What'll you bet?' asked John.

'Much I care if there ain't,' returned the Captain. 'I'm glad enough to be Alexander Smollett, bad as he is; and I thank my stars upon my knees that I'm not Silver. But there's the ink-bottle opening. To quarters!'

And indeed the author was just then beginning to write the words:

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

## II.

### THE SINKING SHIP.

'SIR,' said the first lieutenant, bursting into the Captain's cabin, 'the ship is going down.'

'Very well, Mr. Spoker,' said the Captain; 'but that is no reason for going about half-shaved. Exercise your mind a moment, Mr. Spoker, and you will see that to the philosophic eye there is nothing new in our position: the ship (if she is to go down at all) may be said to have been going down since she was launched.'

'She is settling fast,' said the first lieutenant, as he returned from shaving.

'Fast, Mr. Spoker?' asked the Captain. 'The expression is a strange one, for time (if you will think of it) is only relative.'

'Sir,' said the lieutenant, 'I think it is scarcely worth while to embark in such a discussion when we shall all be in Davy Jones's Locker in ten minutes.'

'By parity of reasoning,' returned the Captain gently, 'it would never be worth while to begin any inquiry of importance; the odds are always overwhelming that we must die before we shall have brought it to an end. You have not considered, Mr. Spoker, the situation of man,' said the Captain, smiling and shaking his head.

'I am much more engaged in considering the position of the ship,' said Mr. Spoker.

'Spoken like a good officer,' replied the Captain, laying his hand on the lieutenant's shoulder.

On deck they found the men had broken into the spirit-room, and were fast getting drunk.

'My men,' said the Captain, 'there is no sense in this. The ship is going down, you will tell me, in ten minutes: well, and what then? To the philosophic eye, there is nothing new in our position. All our lives long, we may have been about to break a bloodvessel or to be struck by lightning, not merely in ten minutes, but in ten seconds; and that has not prevented us from eating dinner, no, nor from putting money in the Savings Bank. I assure you, with my hand on my heart, I fail to comprehend your attitude.'

The men were already too far gone to pay much heed.

'This is a very painful sight, Mr. Spoker,' said the Captain.

'And yet to the philosophic eye, or whatever it is,' replied the first lieutenant, 'they may be said to have been getting drunk since they came aboard.'

'I do not know if you always follow my thought, Mr. Spoker,' returned the Captain gently. 'But let us proceed.'

In the powder magazine, they found an old salt smoking his pipe.

'Good God,' cried the Captain, 'what are you about?'

'Well, sir,' said the old salt, apologetically, 'they told me as she were going down.'

'And suppose she were?' said the Captain. 'To the philosophic eye, there would be nothing new in our position. Life, my old shipmate, life, at any moment and in any view, is as dangerous as a sinking ship; and yet it is man's handsome fashion to carry umbrellas, to wear indiarubber overshoes, to begin vast works, and to conduct himself in every way as if he might hope to be eternal. And for my own poor part I should despise the man who, even on board a sinking ship, should omit to take a pill or to wind up his watch. That, my friend, would not be the human attitude.'

'I beg pardon, sir,' said Mr. Spoker. 'But what is precisely the difference between shaving in a sinking ship and smoking in a powder magazine?'

'Or doing anything at all in any conceivable circumstances?' cried the Captain. 'Perfectly conclusive; give me a cigar!'

Two minutes afterwards the ship blew up with a glorious detonation.

## III.

*THE TWO MATCHES.*

ONE day there was a traveller in the woods in California, in the dry season, when the Trades were blowing strong. He had ridden a long way, and he was tired and hungry, and dismounted from his horse to smoke a pipe. But when he felt in his pocket, he found but two matches. He struck the first, and it would not light.

'Here is a pretty state of things,' said the traveller. 'Dying for a smoke; only one match left; and that certain to miss fire! Was there ever a creature so unfortunate? And yet,' thought the traveller, 'suppose I light this match, and smoke my pipe, and shake out the dottle here in the grass—the grass might catch on fire, for it is dry like tinder; and while I snatch out the flames in front, they might evade and run behind me, and seize upon yon bush of poison oak; before I could reach it, that would have blazed up; over the bush I see a pine tree hung with moss; that too would fly in fire upon the instant to its topmost bough; and the flame of that long torch—how would the trade wind take and brandish that through the inflammable forest! I hear this dell roar in a moment with the joint voice of wind and fire, I see myself gallop for my soul, and the flying conflagration chase and outflank me through the hills; I see this pleasant forest burn for days, and the cattle roasted, and the springs dried up, and the farmer ruined, and his children cast upon the world. What a world hangs upon this moment!'

With that he struck the match, and it missed fire.

'Thank God,' said the traveller, and put his pipe in his pocket.

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## IV.

*THE SICK MAN AND THE FIREMAN.*

THERE was once a sick man in a burning house, to whom there entered a fireman.

'Do not save me,' said the sick man. 'Save those who are strong.'

'Will you kindly tell me why?' inquired the fireman, for he was a civil fellow.

‘Nothing could possibly be fairer,’ said the sick man. ‘The strong should be preferred in all cases, because they are of more service in the world.’

The fireman pondered awhile, for he was a man of some philosophy. ‘Granted,’ said he at last, as a part of the roof fell in; ‘but for the sake of conversation, what would you lay down as the proper service of the strong?’

‘Nothing can possibly be easier,’ returned the sick man: ‘the proper service of the strong is to help the weak.’

Again the fireman reflected, for there was nothing hasty about this excellent creature. ‘I could forgive you being sick,’ he said at last, as a portion of the wall fell out, ‘but I cannot bear your being such a fool.’ And with that he heaved up his fireman’s axe, for he was eminently just, and clove the sick man to the bed.

## V.

*THE DEVIL AND THE INNKEEPER.*

ONCE upon a time the devil stayed at an inn, where no one knew him, for they were people whose education had been neglected. He was bent on mischief, and for a time kept everybody by the ears. But at last the innkeeper set a watch upon the devil and took him in the fact.

The innkeeper got a rope’s end.

‘Now I am going to thrash you,’ said the innkeeper.

‘You have no right to be angry with me,’ said the devil. ‘I am only the devil, and it is my nature to do wrong.’

‘Is that so?’ asked the innkeeper.

‘Fact, I assure you,’ said the devil.

‘You really cannot help doing ill?’ asked the innkeeper.

‘Not in the smallest,’ said the devil; ‘it would be useless cruelty to thrash a thing like me.’

‘It would indeed,’ said the innkeeper.

And he made a noose and hanged the devil.

‘There,’ said the innkeeper.

## VI.

*THE PENITENT.*

A MAN met a lad weeping. ‘What do you weep for?’ he asked.

‘I am weeping for my sins,’ said the lad.

‘You must have little to do,’ said the man.

The next day they met again. Once more the lad was weeping.  
'Why do you weep now?' asked the man.

'I am weeping because I have nothing to eat,' said the lad.

'I thought it would come to that,' said the man.

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VII.

*THE YELLOW PAINT.*

IN a certain city, there lived a physician who sold yellow paint. This was of so singular a virtue that whoso was bedaubed with it from head to heel was set free from the dangers of life, and the bondage of sin, and the fear of death forever. So the physician said in his prospectus; and so said all the citizens in the city; and there was nothing more urgent in men's hearts than to be properly painted themselves, and nothing they took more delight in than to see others painted. There was in the same city a young man of a very good family but of a somewhat reckless life; who had reached the age of manhood and would have nothing to say to the paint: 'To-morrow was soon enough,' said he; and when the morrow came he would still put it off. So he might have continued to do until his death; only, he had a friend of about his own age and much of his own manners; and this youth, taking a walk in the public street, with not one fleck of paint upon his body, was suddenly run down by a watercart and cut off in the heyday of his nakedness. This shook the other to the soul; so that I never beheld a man more earnest to be painted; and on the very same evening, in the presence of all his family, to appropriate music, and himself weeping aloud, he received three complete coats and a touch of varnish on the top. The physician (who was himself affected even to tears) protested he had never done a job so thorough.

Some two months afterwards, the young man was carried on a stretcher to the physician's house.

'What is the meaning of this?' he cried, as soon as the door was opened. 'I was to be set free from all the dangers of life; and here have I been run down by that self-same watercart, and my leg is broken.'

'Dear me!' said the physician. 'This is very sad. But I perceive I must explain to you the action of my paint. A broken bone is a mighty small affair at the worst of it; and it belongs to

a class of accident to which my paint is quite inapplicable. Sin, my dear young friend, sin is the sole calamity that a wise man should apprehend; it is against sin that I have fitted you out; and when you come to be tempted, you will give me news of my paint!’

‘O!’ said the young man, ‘I did not understand that, and it seems rather disappointing. But I have no doubt all is for the best; and in the meanwhile, I shall be obliged to you if you will set my leg.’

‘That is none of my business,’ said the physician; ‘but if your bearers will carry you round the corner to the surgeon’s, I feel sure he will afford relief.’

Some three years later, the young man came running to the physician’s house in a great perturbation. ‘What is the meaning of this?’ he cried. ‘Here was I to be set free from the bondage of sin; and I have just committed forgery, arson and murder.’

‘Dear me,’ said the physician. ‘This is very serious. Off with your clothes at once.’ And as soon as the young man had stripped, he examined him from head to foot. ‘No,’ he cried with great relief, ‘there is not a flake broken. Cheer up, my young friend, your paint is as good as new.’

‘Good God!’ cried the young man, ‘and what then can be the use of it.’

‘Why,’ said the physician, ‘I perceive I must explain to you the nature of the action of my paint. It does not exactly prevent sin; it extenuates instead the painful consequences. It is not so much for this world, as for the next; it is not against life; in short, it is against death that I have fitted you out. And when you come to die, you will give me news of my paint.’

‘O!’ cried the young man, ‘I had not understood that, and it seems a little disappointing. But there no doubt all is for the best: and in the meanwhile, I shall be obliged if you will help me to undo the evil I have brought on innocent persons.’

‘That is none of my business,’ said the physician; ‘but if you will go round the corner to the police office, I feel sure it will afford you relief to give yourself up.’

Six weeks later, the physician was called to the town gaol.

‘What is the meaning of this?’ cried the young man. ‘Here am I literally crusted with your paint; and I have broken my leg, and committed all the crimes in the calendar, and must be hanged to-morrow; and am in the meanwhile in a fear so extreme that I lack words to picture it.’

'Dear me,' said the physician. 'This is really amazing. Well, well; perhaps, if you had not been painted, you would have been more frightened still.'

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## VIII.

## THE HOUSE OF ELD.

So soon as the child began to speak, the gyve was rivetted; and the boys and girls limped about their play like convicts. Doubtless it was more pitiable to see and more painful to bear in youth; but even the grown folk, besides being very unhandy on their feet, were often sick with ulcers.

About the time when Jack was ten years old, many strangers began to journey through that country. These he beheld going lightly by on the long roads, and the thing amazed him. 'I wonder how it comes,' he asked, 'that all these strangers are so quick afoot, and we must drag about our fetter.'

'My dear boy,' said his uncle, the catechist, 'do not complain about your fetter, for it is the only thing that makes life worth living. None are happy, none are good, none are respectable, that are not gyved like us. And I must tell you, besides, it is very dangerous talk. If you grumble of your iron, you will have no luck; if ever you take it off, you will be instantly smitten by a thunderbolt.'

'Are there no thunderbolts for these strangers?' asked Jack.

'Jupiter is longsuffering to the benighted,' returned the catechist.

'Upon my word, I could wish I had been less fortunate,' said Jack. 'For if I had been born benighted, I might now be going free; and it cannot be denied the iron is inconvenient, and the ulcer hurts.'

'Ah!' cried his uncle, 'do not envy the heathen! Theirs is a sad lot! Ah, poor souls, if they but knew the joys of being fettered! Poor souls, my heart yearns for them. But the truth is they are vile, odious, insolent, ill-conditioned, stinking brutes, not truly human—for what is a man without a fetter?—and you cannot be too particular not to touch or speak with them.'

After this talk, the child would never pass one of the unfettered on the road but what he spat at him and called him names, which was the practice of the children in that part.

It chanced one day, when he was fifteen, he went into the woods, and the ulcer pained him. It was a fair day, with a blue sky; all the birds were singing; but Jack nursed his foot. Presently, another song began; it sounded like the singing of a person, only far more gay; at the same time, there was a beating on the earth. Jack put aside the leaves; and there was a lad of his own village, leaping, and dancing and singing to himself in a green dell; and on the grass beside him lay the dancer's iron.

'O!' cried Jack, 'you have your fetter off!'

'For God's sake, don't tell your uncle!' cried the lad.

'If you fear my uncle,' returned Jack, 'why do you not fear the thunderbolt?'

'That is only an old wives' tale,' said the other. 'It is only told to children. Scores of us come here among the woods and dance for nights together, and are none the worse.'

This put Jack in a thousand new thoughts. He was a grave lad; he had no mind to dance himself; he wore his fetter manfully and tended his ulcer without complaint. But he loved the less to be deceived or to see others cheated. He began to lie in wait for heathen travellers, at covert parts of the road, and in the dusk of the day, so that he might speak with them unseen; and these were greatly taken with their wayside questioner, and told him things of weight. The wearing of gyves (they said) was no command of Jupiter's. It was the contrivance of a white-faced thing, a sorcerer, that dwelt in that country in the Wood of Eld. He was one like Glaucus that could change his shape, yet he could be always told; for when he was crossed, he gobbled like a turkey. He had three lives; but the third smiting would make an end of him indeed; and with that his house of sorcery would vanish, the gyves fall, and the villagers take hands and dance like children.

'And in your country?' Jack would ask.

But at this the travellers, with one accord, would put him off; until Jack began to suppose there was no land entirely happy. Or, if there were, it must be one that kept its folk at home; which was natural enough.

But the case of the gyves weighed upon him. The sight of the children limping, stuck in his eyes; the groans of such as dressed their ulcers haunted him. And it came at last in his mind that he was born to free them.

There was in that village a sword of heavenly forgery, beaten upon Vulcan's anvil. It was never used but in the temple, and

then the flat of it only ; and it hung on a nail by the catechist's chimney. Early one night, Jack rose, and took the sword, and was gone out of the house and the village in the darkness.

All night he walked at a venture ; and when day came, he met strangers going to the fields. Then he asked after the Wood of Eld and the house of sorcery ; and one said north, and one south ; until Jack saw that they deceived him. So then, when he asked his way of any man, he showed the bright sword naked ; and at that the gyve on the man's ankle rang, and answered in his stead ; and the word was still *Straight on*. But the man, when his gyve spoke, spat and struck at Jack, and threw stones at him as he went away ; so that his head was broken.

So he came to that wood, and entered in, and he was aware of a house in a low place, where funguses grew, and the trees met, and the steaming of the marsh arose about it like a smoke. It was a fine house, and a very rambling ; some parts of it were ancient like the hills, and some but of yesterday, and none finished ; and all the ends of it were open, so that you could go in from every side. Yet it was in good repair, and all the chimneys smoked.

Jack went in through the gable ; and there was one room after another, all bare, but all furnished in part so that a man could dwell there ; and in each there was a fire burning where a man could warm himself, and a table spread where he might eat. But Jack saw nowhere any living creature ; only the bodies of some stuffed.

'This is a hospitable house,' said Jack ; 'but the ground must be quaggy underneath, for at every step the building quakes.'

He had gone some time in the house, when he began to be hungry. Then he looked at the food, and at first he was afraid ; but he bared the sword, and by the shining of the sword, it seemed the food was honest. So he took the courage to sit down and eat, and he was refreshed in mind and body.

'This is strange,' thought he, 'that in the house of sorcery, there should be food so wholesome.'

As he was yet eating, there came into that room the appearance of his uncle, and Jack was afraid because he had taken the sword. But his uncle was never more kind, and sat down to meat with him, and praised him because he had taken the sword. Never had these two been more pleasantly together, and Jack was full of love to the man.

'It was very well done,' said his uncle, 'to take the sword and come yourself into the House of Eld ; a good thought and a brave

deed. But now you are satisfied; and we may go home to dinner arm in arm.'

'O, dear, no!' said Jack. 'I am not satisfied yet.'

'How!' cried his uncle. 'Are you not warmed by the fire? Does not this food sustain you?'

'I see the food to be wholesome,' said Jack, 'and still it is no proof that a man should wear a gyve on his right leg.'

Now at this the appearance of his uncle gobbled like a turkey.

'Jupiter!' cried Jack, 'is this the sorcerer?'

His hand held back and his heart failed him for the love he bore his uncle; but he heaved up the sword and smote the appearance on the head; and it cried out aloud with the voice of his uncle; and fell to the ground; and a little bloodless white thing fled from the room.

The cry rang in Jack's ears, and his knees smote together, and conscience cried upon him; and yet he was strengthened, and there woke in his bones the lust of that enchanter's blood. 'If the gyves are to fall,' said he, 'I must go through with this, and when I get home, I shall find my uncle dancing.'

So he went on after the bloodless thing. In the way, he met the appearance of his father; and his father was incensed, and railed upon him, and called to him upon his duty, and bade him be home, while there was yet time. 'For you can still,' said he, 'be home by sunset; and then all will be forgiven.'

'God knows,' said Jack, 'I fear your anger; but yet your anger does not prove that a man should wear a gyve on his right leg.'

And at that the appearance of his father gobbled like a turkey.

'Ah, heaven,' cried Jack, 'the sorcerer again!'

The blood ran backward in his body and his joints rebelled against him for the love he bore his father; but he heaved up the sword, and plunged it in the heart of the appearance; and the appearance cried out aloud with the voice of his father; and fell to the ground; and a little bloodless white thing fled from the room.

The cry rang in Jack's ears, and his soul was darkened; but now rage came to him. 'I have done what I dare not think upon,' said he. 'I will go to an end with it, or perish. And when I get home, I pray God this may be a dream and I may find my father dancing.'

So he went on after the bloodless thing that had escaped; and in the way he met the appearance of his mother, and she wept. 'What have you done?' she cried. 'What is this that you have

done? O, come home (where you may be by bedtime) ere you do more ill to me and mine; for it is enough to smite my brother and your father.'

'Dear mother, it is not these that I have smitten,' said Jack; 'it was but the enchanter in their shape. And even if I had, it would not prove that a man should wear a gyve on his right leg.'

And at this the appearance gobbled like a turkey.

He never knew how he did that; but he swung the sword on the one side, and clove the appearance through the midst; and it cried out aloud with the voice of his mother; and fell to the ground; and with the fall of it, the house was gone from over Jack's head, and he stood alone in the woods, and the gyve was loosened from his leg.

'Well,' said he, 'the enchanter is now dead and the fetter gone.' But the cries rang in his soul, and the day was like night to him. 'This has been a sore business,' said he. 'Let me get forth out of the wood, and see the good that I have done to others.'

He thought to leave the fetter where it lay, but when he turned to go, his mind was otherwise. So he stooped and put the gyve in his bosom; and the rough iron galled him as he went, and his bosom bled.

Now when he was forth of the wood upon the highway, he met folk returning from the field; and those he met had no fetter on the right leg, but behold! they had one upon the left. Jack asked them what it signified; and they said, 'that was the new wear, for the old was found to be a superstition.' Then he looked at them nearly; and there was a new ulcer on the left ankle, and the old one on the right was not yet healed.

'Now may God forgive me!' cried Jack, 'I would I were well home.'

And when he was home, there lay his uncle smitten on the head, and his father pierced through the heart, and his mother cloven through the midst. And he sat in the lone house and wept beside the bodies.

*Moral.*

Old is the tree and the fruit good,  
Very old and thick the wood.  
Woodman, is your courage stout?  
Beware! the root is wrapped about  
Your mother's heart, your father's bones;  
And like the mandrake comes with groans.

## IX.

## THE FOUR REFORMERS.

FOUR reformers met under a bramble bush. They were all agreed the world must be changed. 'We must abolish property,' said one.

'We must abolish marriage,' said the second.

'We must abolish God,' said the third.

'I wish we could abolish work,' said the fourth.

'Do not let us get beyond practical politics,' said the first.

'The first thing is to reduce men to a common level.'

'The first thing,' said the second, 'is to give freedom to the sexes.'

'The first thing,' said the third, 'is to find out how to do it.'

'The first step,' said the first, 'is to abolish the Bible.'

'The first thing,' said the second, 'is to abolish the laws.'

'The first thing,' said the third, 'is to abolish mankind.'

## X.

## THE MAN AND HIS FRIEND.

A MAN quarrelled with his friend.

'I have been much deceived in you,' said the man.

And the friend made a face at him and went away.

A little after, they both died, and came together before the great white Justice of the Peace. It began to look black for the friend, but the man for awhile had a clear character and was getting in good spirits.

'I find here some record of a quarrel,' said the justice, looking in his notes. 'Which of you was in the wrong?'

'He was,' said the man. 'He spoke ill of me behind my back.'

'Did he so?' said the justice. 'And pray how did he speak about your neighbours?'

'O, he had always a nasty tongue,' said the man.

'And you chose him for your friend?' cried the justice. 'My good fellow, we have no use here for fools.'

So the man was cast in the pit, and the friend laughed out aloud in the dark and remained to be tried on other charges.

## XI.

## THE READER.

'I NEVER read such an impious book,' said the reader, throwing it on the floor.

'You need not hurt me,' said the book; 'you will only get less for me second hand, and I did not write myself.'

'That is true,' said the reader. 'My quarrel is with your author.'

'Ah, well,' said the book, 'you need not buy his rant.'

'That is true,' said the reader. 'But I thought him such a cheerful writer.'

'I find him so,' said the book.

'You must be differently made from me,' said the reader.

'Let me tell you a fable,' said the book. 'There were two men wrecked upon a desert island; one of them made believe he was at home, the other admitted——'

'O, I know your kind of fable,' said the reader. 'They both died.'

'And so they did,' said the book. 'No doubt of that. And everybody else.'

'That is true,' said the reader. 'Push it a little further for this once. And when they were all dead?'

'They were in God's hands the same as before,' said the book.

'Not much to boast of, by your account,' cried the reader.

'Who is impious now?' said the book.

And the reader put him on the fire.

The coward crouches from the rod,  
And loathes the iron face of God.

## XII.

## THE CITIZEN AND THE TRAVELLER.

'LOOK round you,' said the citizen. 'This is the largest market in the world.'

'Oh, surely not,' said the traveller.

'Well, perhaps not the largest,' said the citizen, 'but much the best.'

'You are certainly wrong there,' said the traveller. 'I can tell you . . .'

They buried the stranger at the dusk.

## XIII.

## THE DISTINGUISHED STRANGER.

ONCE upon a time there came to this earth a visitor from a neighbouring planet. And he was met at the place of his descent by a great philosopher, who was to show him everything.

First of all they came through a wood, and the stranger looked upon the trees. 'Whom have we here?' said he.

'These are only vegetables,' said the philosopher. 'They are alive, but not at all interesting.'

'I don't know about that,' said the stranger. 'They seem to have very good manners. Do they never speak?'

'They lack the gift,' said the philosopher.

'Yet I think I hear them sing,' said the other.

'That is only the wind among the leaves,' said the philosopher.

'I will explain to you the theory of winds: it is very interesting.'

'Well,' said the stranger, 'I wish I knew what they are thinking.'

'They cannot think,' said the philosopher.

'I don't know about that,' returned the stranger: and then laying his hand upon a trunk: 'I like these people,' said he.

'They are not people at all,' said the philosopher. 'Come along.'

Next they came through a meadow where there were cows.

'These are very dirty people,' said the stranger.

'They are not people at all,' said the philosopher; and he explained what a cow is in scientific words which I have forgotten.

'That is all one to me,' said the stranger. 'But why do they never look up?'

'Because they are graminivorous,' said the philosopher; 'and to live upon grass, which is not highly nutritious, requires so close an attention to business that they have no time to think, or speak, or look at the scenery, or keep themselves clean.'

'Well,' said the stranger, 'that is one way to live no doubt. But I prefer the people with the green heads.'

Next they came into a city, and the streets were full of men and women.

'These are very odd people,' said the stranger.

'They are the people of the greatest nation in the world,' said the philosopher.

'Are they indeed?' said the stranger. 'They scarcely look so.'

## XIV.

*THE CARTHORSES AND THE SADDLEHORSE.*

Two carthorses, a gelding and a mare, were brought to Samoa, and put in the same field with a saddlehorse to run free on the island. They were rather afraid to go near him, for they saw he was a saddlehorse, and supposed he would not speak to them. Now the saddlehorse had never seen creatures so big. 'These must be great chiefs,' thought he, and he approached them civilly. 'Lady and gentleman,' said he, 'I understand you are from the colonies. I offer you my affectionate compliments, and make you heartily welcome to the islands.'

The colonials looked at him askance, and consulted with each other.

'Who can he be?' said the gelding.

'He seems suspiciously civil,' said the mare.

'I do not think he can be much account,' said the gelding.

'Depend upon it he is only a Kanaka,' said the mare.

Then they turned to him.

'Go to the devil!' said the gelding.

'I wonder at your impudence, speaking to persons of our quality!' cried the mare.

The saddlehorse went away by himself. 'I was right,' said he 'they are great chiefs.'

## XV.

*THE TADPOLE AND THE FROG.*

'Be ashamed of yourself,' said the frog. 'When I was a tadpole, I had no tail.'

'Just what I thought!' said the tadpole. 'You never were a tadpole.'

R. L. STEVENSON.

## *To May.*

THROUGH the garden of my dreams  
 Scantly the sunlight gleams,  
 And the barren grass-plot seems  
 Void of grace.

Yea, a wilderness, indeed !  
 Every flower has run to seed,  
 Dying slowly ; every weed  
 Grows apace.

In the spring, last year, there grew  
 Violets white and violets blue,  
 But never a dream or a flower for you,  
 May, the Queen :—

Though your small feet, as you walk,  
 Hardly bend the cowslip's stalk,  
 Or disturb the daisies' talk  
 On the green ;

And your white hands would not mar  
 The petals of one yellow star,  
 When primroses in clusters are  
 In the grass :

Though, I know, you fear to break  
 The bluebell's stem, or even shake  
 Her fragile tower for music's sake,  
 As you pass.

Yet, methinks, 'tis passing strange  
 To hear the sudden catch and change  
 In the ringing's airy range  
 Of delight :—

Such a chilly sobbing breath  
Through the sunshine shivereth  
From the open gates of Death  
And of Night ;

Till the music's rapid whim  
Groweth very slow and dim,  
Dying in a mournful hymn  
Solemnly,

And each heavy purple bell  
Seems to ring a funeral knell  
For the spirit of the dell  
Doomed to die.

While without the garden rail  
Bright anemones turn pale  
As the lilies of the vale,  
And the breeze,

Where the sleeping river lies  
Underneath the tracèd skies,  
In swift gusts of terror flies  
Through the trees.

Seemeth it so small a thing  
Clouds and darkness thus to fling  
In the sunny face of Spring,  
Striking down

All the flying thrills and thirds  
Of the music of the birds  
With a weight of weary words  
And a frown ?

Till the lark in his ascent  
Seemeth but to make lament  
That all flowers have lost their scent  
On the earth ;

And the tulips talk, in Dutch,  
Of the little human touch  
That makes sadness overmuch  
For their mirth ;

## TO MAY.

And the wild wood columbine  
Cannot for her life divine  
Why the sun has ceased to shine  
As of old.

When across the lawn you glide,  
Buttercups on every side  
Deep among the mosses hide  
All their gold.

At the rustle of your gown  
The very sunshine seems to frown,  
And the daisies shudder down  
In the grass.

Shall I thank you much in this,  
That you spare my clematis—  
For you blight it with a kiss  
As you pass?

Ah, the cowslips once were sweet,  
Spreading out their golden sheet  
In a carpet for your feet,  
Soft and bright!

Yet they faded one by one,  
Lying withered in the sun,  
Till the very thrushes shun  
Such a sight.

Two tall tulips by the gate  
Spent the sunny hours of late  
In a stately *tête-à-tête*,  
Growing bold,

Nodding each emphatic head,  
Found their petticoats too red,  
Wished that they were white instead,  
Trimmed with gold.

Now their petals flutter down,  
And the scarlet fades to brown,  
As a smile turns to a frown  
In your eyes.

Oh, the dead dreams everywhere,  
Wingèd hopes that once were fair,  
Flitting through the tremulous air,  
Butterflies!

Broken-winged and dead they lie,  
Where beneath the faded sky  
Every flower seems to die  
In the land.

Blossoms wither where you go,  
The very brambles will not grow;—  
The grass looks yellow, as from snow,  
Where you stand,

Leaning lightly, lest you fall,  
Like a lily white and tall,  
With the carven sun-dial,  
For a crutch,—

Thrilling through his overgrown  
And moss-hidden heart of stone,  
With the melody unknown  
Of your touch.

You, before whose blighting breath  
Every flower withereth,  
Have cast your shadow, as of Death,  
On the green.

In the Spring this year there grew  
Naught but rosemary and rue,  
And one white lily flower for you,  
May, the Queen.

EVA GORE BOOTH.

## *Marseilles.*

**M**ARSEILLES is a city of which the daily life is comparatively little known to travelling English people, because it is generally taken merely as a stopping-place on the way further South. The resident English population, too, including business people, is certainly not large. Therefore, I thought myself fortunate not only in my host and hostess, but also in my place of sojourn, when I went in the autumn of last year to stay some time in Marseilles with an old friend who has taken up his abode there, and who, by-the-by, in accordance with an odd, but almost universal, rule had never explored the wondrous if evil-smelling picturesqueness of the Old Town until the occasion of my visit led him among them. It was not that, like the modern Marseillais, in a suburb of whose city, picturesque enough too in its own way, he dwells, he has no love for beauties of nature or art. Quite the contrary, it was simply that he had never been there : just as, to take an instance, one has for months been intending to see this and that picture show and has never yet done so. But as for the modern people of Marseilles, who says Marseillais says Vandal : and here is a proof, chief among a host, of the assertion. I must begin by stating that he who makes a round of the otherwise excellent bookshops in Marseilles (or, to give it its own title, Marseill—e), hoping to find a good guide-book or a good historical work on Marseilles, goes on a fool's errand. To find such things he must travel to Aix-en-Provence, and even then he will discover no useful *handy* book ; while neither there nor at Marseilles is there any sort of monograph on the Château d'If, though at Marseilles a singularly well-equipped bibliopole is engaged in preparing one with his own pen. It is perhaps not

surprising that the act of vandalism now to be related finds no record in such guide-books as Marseilles proffers, and it is quite possible that the inhabitants at large have never even heard of it. There is a whole part of the town near the old cathedral of La Vieille Major and the new cathedral, which stands close to what remains of La Vieille Major, and which has been enriched in singularly bad taste by various spoils taken from the old cathedral. This district is supposed to take its name, and doubtless does take its name, from a triumphal arch erected to Julius Cæsar when he entered Marseilles. This arch I heard had been destroyed during the present century to make room for new buildings, and so completely destroyed that there is not even a memorial stone left to mark its site. It seemed extravagant to believe in such a thing on hearsay, and I hunted through book after book at Marseilles and Aix without finding any reference to the matter, or any confirmation of what I began to regard as a legend started perhaps by someone who knew well the character of the modern Marseillais. Then I was fortunate enough to meet one who had settled quietly down in Marseilles, his native place, after holding many important positions abroad, and who knew more about the city than all the books I could find put together. He fired up when I asked him about the triumphal arch, and told me, with all the indignation of a scholar and a virtuoso, that he perfectly well remembered in his youth seeing the process of demolition going on, and that to his knowledge the ancient masonry, as it was pulled down, was either used up in some way directly for the modern buildings, or indirectly by being sold to contractors. And, as I have said, not a stone nor a placard remains to show that such an arch once existed; and in this one finds a key to part of the curiously mixed bent and character of modern Marseilles.

A very strange part of this mixture is found in the manner of carrying on business adopted by people who, as has been shown in the case of the triumphal arch, care not a rap for things which in another city would be preserved and treasured as a possession for ever (though, to be sure, Temple Bar may be flung metaphorically in our own faces), and who do care intensely for money, according to all one can see, hear, and learn about them. And as an illustration of how matters of daily business are ordered, let us follow the fortunes of a cheque which is presented at the *Crédit Lyonnais*, the first banking establishment in the

first business city of France. I watched the career of such a cheque on two occasions, the second visit being partly because, although my host had prepared me for strange matters, I thought it well to make it quite certain that I had not at first exaggerated the muddled Lismahago and yet redtapeified way in which things were done.

To run the two experiences together. We had to make our way through a crowd occupying the large room or small hall in which business was conducted. This hall was filled with people, some of whom were there to look after their own or other people's affairs, and others of whom had obviously dropped in for a casual chat. Almost all were smoking cigarettes, an amusement which they shared with a good many of the bank clerks. When we had got through this crowd my friend and host presented his cheque at a *guichet*. The man behind the *guichet* gave him a metal disc stamped with a number. Armed with this my friend made his way to another *guichet*, behind which stood not a clerk, but an ordinary porter wearing the livery of the bank. This porter had his hands full of similar metal discs. After a weary waiting he called out the number—say 302—on my friend's disc. Then my friend advanced, identifying his cheque by another number obtained at the first *guichet*, and then received his money, not in the currency or form which he wished for, but in such shape as the porter had at hand to dispense from the authorities above him. Then, some of the notes being only locally negotiable, my friend had to go to a third *guichet* to see if they could be changed into negotiable notes. On occasions this is impossible, and the unfortunate holder of the cheque has either to leave part of the money he has come for until a favourable opportunity, or accept what he can get on the chance of paying it away, or getting it changed, or both, with some of his tradespeople. Beyond this, there is no clearing-house system: each bank makes a charge for cashing a cheque on another bank, and these charges practically swallow up the tiny interest nominally allowed on a constant balance. And this is how the daily routine of banking is conducted in the first bank of Marseilles.

Going to another business matter, we come upon the word *Protection*, which has two meanings, the first of these two corresponding to the English word which indicates the opposition to Free Trade. As to this, again, let one instance suffice. Less than a year ago the consequence of action taken by a beetroot 'ring'

was that half the vessels in the port were laid up because the distillers were unable to make any stand against the prohibitive duties forced on grain, probably as a result of the beetroot men hoping to force beet refuse on the distilling trade. And this is the more probable, since the oil and soap trade, in which beet refuse is useless, succeeded in getting oleaginous nuts accepted at a reasonable duty. Net result, that the Marseillais have to pay for inferior sugar at least twice as much as we do for good sugar. This too, let it be repeated, is but one instance.

*Protection* in its second meaning is a very different matter, connected with legal rather than business machinery. Perhaps its best English rendering would be *Patronage* in the very worst and lowest sense. Thus, Mr. X., who may be a person in a high or in a low position, has done, or has been mixed up with, something which leads to his being visited by a plain-clothes policeman, who informs him that *procès-verbaux* must be instituted. If Mr. X. has a *patron* well up in the official world his reply is to this effect: 'Institute *procès-verbaux*. Do what you like. Mr. So-and-so is my very good friend, and you will find that all your trouble will be wasted.' And the truth of this is almost invariably recognised by the plain-clothes man, who, of course, has to report what has happened. What happens afterwards is generally that the matter is dropped. It will be obvious, further, that such a system tends to create numberless 'places' for people inept in anything but the knowledge that if they back up their *protecteur* through thick and thin it will be the better for them. These 'places' make a very heavy tax upon the monies due to the Government or the Municipality. Not unconnected with this is the fact that on the stretch of about three miles between the *Catalans* and the *Prado* there is not one single policeman on duty, though certain points are notoriously unsafe on a dark, or sometimes even a light, evening for a pedestrian who is not on his guard, while on another similar stretch the men of the *octroi* are very much to the front at every turn. And traceable directly or indirectly to the same source is the fact that, in consequence of the names of each jury at a Cour d'Assises being published long before the jury sits, it cannot be a very difficult matter for any interested person to 'get at' a jurymen or several jurymen.

As for the *juge d'instruction* system, that is not peculiar to Marseilles, but its mention revives the memory of a case not long ago, in which a man was found guilty of manslaughter at Mar-

seilles on the evidence of footprints discovered near the house where the crime was committed, at a period considerably later than the committal of the crime, during which period there had been heavy falls of semi-tropical rain.

And so much for some aspects of the business and legal machinery of Marseilles.

W. H. POLLOCK.

## *'The Third Time of Asking.'*

BY M. E. FRANCIS,

AUTHOR OF 'A DAUGHTER OF THE SOIL;' 'THE STORY OF DAN;'  
'IN A NORTH-COUNTRY VILLAGE,' &c.

MRS. LOVELADY had just 'cleaned her' for dinner, and was coming downstairs, tying the strings of her fresh white apron over the crisp folds of her bedgown, when she caught sight of a towering figure in the open doorway.

'It's yo', is it, Mester Leatherbarrow? Han yo' been waitin' long? I never heered nobry knock.'

'I were hammerin' nigh a quarter of an hour,' returned the visitor, briefly and ungraciously. 'Is Joe in?'

'I'm expectin' him in a two-three minutes. It's jest upon dinner time. Coom yo'r ways in, Mester Leatherbarrow. I'm sorry yo'n bin knockin' so long. Th' lass is busy scrubbing upstairs, an' I'd jest gone up to wesh me. I fancy our Catty mun be out.'

Young Farmer Leatherbarrow stalked into the big kitchen and sat down in the chintz-covered elbow chair, hat on head, and stick in hand. Presently pursing up his lips he began to whistle.

He was, as has been said, a very giant in proportions, and there was a certain fierceness in his bronzed and bearded face, and a surliness in his manner which caused him to be generally disliked and feared. But Robert Leatherbarrow was indifferent to the opinion of his neighbours. He lived quite alone with an ancient housekeeper in his big farm—the biggest and most productive in the place—and was reported to have made money untold, which, as he had no near 'kin,' and was apparently a confirmed bachelor, was considered by the village gossips to be a mistake on the part of Providence.

Mrs. Lovelady, in no way troubled by the new-comer's lack of politeness, busied herself with preparations for dinner. After

hospitably inquiring that he would not stay and have a bite, and being curtly refused, she left the morose guest alone, and proceeded cheerfully to lay the table for three.

Presently the jingling notes of a piano sounded from the adjoining room, and Leatherbarrow ceased whistling. Somebody was playing 'Home, sweet Home' with a great deal of expression, and an absolute disregard of time.

'It's our Catty,' observed Mrs. Lovelady. 'Hoo's whoam again fro' school yo know'n. Hoo knows all 'at onybody con teach her now. Hark at her playin'—an' hoo con do th' fancy work thot beautiful it's like a pictur. An' hoo con talk French—eh, nowt 'ud serve her but to call our little tarrier 'Bong' because hoo says it's French fur good.'

The 'variations' had now begun in the next room. The air being thumped out with much conscientiousness and vigour in the bass, and supported by a meandering and somewhat weak treble accompaniment.

'All they little high runnin' notes is done wi' her left 'and,' explained Mrs. Lovelady, her pride in her daughter's accomplishments overcoming her respect for young Leatherbarrow's taciturn habit.

He looked up with a dawning interest in his dark eyes.

'Hoo mun be wonderful clever,' he said.

'Eh! my word, hoo is; I'll call her in, see. Yo' han't seen her sin' hoo wur child-little. Catty'—opening the door—'I want thee here a minute.'

'Coming, mother!' answered a girl's voice; then, with a final flourish and flounder over the keys, 'Home, sweet Home' was disposed of, and the performer entered the room.

A handsome, well-grown wench, unusually dark for a North-country girl, with black hair rolled high on her head, and straight black brows overshadowing eyes as black as Leatherbarrow's own.

'This here's Mester Leatherbarrow, Catty,' said her mother. 'I doubt thou'lt scarce remember him.'

'Yes, I do,' returned Miss Catty, saucily. 'We used to call him "Boggart Bob" at school, when we were children, because he always looked so black and so cross he frightened us.'

'Well to be sure,' cried Mrs. Lovelady, laughing. 'Eh, but thou's mended thy manners sin' then, Catty.'

'It's more then he has, then,' cried her daughter. 'I suppose you never heard, Mr. Leatherbarrow, that it isn't considered

polite to keep your hat on indoors, and to sit still when you are introduced to a lady.'

'Ark at her!' cried the mother under her breath, admiring, but awe-stricken too.

A sudden gleam came into Farmer Leatherbarrow's eyes, and his white teeth flashed out in an unexpected and very pleasant smile. He removed his hat and stood up, observing after a moment's pause:—

'Well, will yo' shak' 'ands now?'

Catty advanced, a smile on her red lips, and her eyes dancing. Robert Leatherbarrow shook hands in a solemn and thoroughly efficient manner, a dark flush overspreading his face the while. Maidens' eyes had met his often, in fear, dislike, or curiosity, but never before had a girl's laughing glance sought his. His surly manners had many a time, as he knew, given offence, but never had anyone chidden him for them, and chidden him so gaily. As he pumped Catty's hand up and down, and looked at Catty's sparkling face, the big, uncouth, unpopular giant fell hopelessly in love.

Presently a cheery shout without, and a stamping of earth-clogged feet announced the arrival of Farmer Joe Lovelady—a tall stout man with grizzled hair, and sandy whiskers, and an air of prosperity which did not belie him, for next to Robert Leatherbarrow he was the most well-to-do farmer in the place; so prosperous, indeed, that when Catty demanded to finish her education at a boarding-school, he consented without hesitation, though the neighbours were scandalised at the extravagance.

Catty was sent to an establishment many miles from her home, was taught music and French—which she pronounced in the very best Manchester method; on her return she wore her hair 'done up fash'nable,' and eschewed bed-gowns and donned hats on a week-day. Some of the village matrons feared she would come to no good, especially when they discovered that, though she had not yet been a month at home, several rustic gallants were already disputing for the honour of 'keeping company' with her.

'Well, Robert,' said Farmer Lovelady, greeting Boggart Bob with his favourite one-sided nod, 'an' how art o', lad? Will'ee have a bit o' dinner wi' us?'

Leatherbarrow mechanically began to shake his head, but suddenly changing his mind, blushed again to the roots of his hair, and nodded instead.

'I don't mind if I do,' he said gruffly; after which he cleared his throat in a loud and aggressive manner.

'Thot's reet!' cried Mrs. Lovelady heartily, 'I'm glad yo'n changed yo'r mind. Second thoughts is best sometimes.'

The dinner, pork and beans, being placed on the table, hosts and guest fell to with a will; the flutter of Robert's spirits in no way affecting his appetite. When the meal was over the two men went out, and Robert broached his business. It had something to do with a reaping machine, and was easily disposed of; but he still lingered.

'Thot's not all,' he remarked, after a long pause, during which Joe had placidly awaited his pleasure, staring at him, and sucking his pipe the while. 'Theer's summat else I want to ax yo'.' He coughed and shuffled with his feet. 'Yo'r lass, yon, a mon met do war nor wed her.'

Joe withdrew his pipe and chuckled.

'Very well said, Robert. Yo'r reet. A mon met do a dale war.'

'I'd be fain to wed her mysel',' observed Boggart Bob, 'if yo' hannot no objections.'

'Noan i' th' world, non, if hoo's willin'. Thou'd mak' her as coomfortable as anyone I reckon. But dunnot be in a hurry, sitha, Bob, hoo's a bit tickle and hoo's apt to tak' fancies. Hoo's bin eddicated above the common, thou knows. Do thy coortin' cautious, I advise thee.'

Following this counsel Farmer Leatherbarrow was so extremely cautious over his courting that Catty did not find out she was being courted at all. His conversation when he 'dropped in' occasionally of an evening was entirely confined to monosyllables, even these being extracted with difficulty by either of her parents. The latter preserved an admirable discretion for a considerable time, Mr. Lovelady observing to his 'Missus' that Bob was out and out the best match in the country, and that though he went a queer way to work there was no knowing but what he met get as thick wi' th' lass that gate as any other; and Mrs. Lovelady responding that tastes differed to be sure, and no doubt 't 'ud be a good job if their Catty could fancy him, but for her part she couldn't as ever was tak' a likin' fur yon great stark black-lookin' felley.

After Robert had continued his visits for a considerable time, however, without advancing matters in the least, his would-be father-in-law resolved to give him a hint; and accordingly one

evening, as he accompanied him to the gate on his departure, he remarked jocularly :—

'Bob, if I're thee I'd get a bit forrader.'

'How's thot?' said Boggart Bob.

'Why, thou's bin coomin' 'ere a month an' more, an' th' wench donnot know yet thou's arter her. Thot's a foonny mak' o' coortin', mon!'

'Oh,' said Bob reflectively. 'Hoo dunnot know I'm arter her? I'll let her know if thot's all.'

The next day was Saturday and the Rector of the parish was just giving a final polish to his sermon when he was informed that Mr. Leatherbarrow wanted to see him. Following hard upon the messenger's heels was Mr. Leatherbarrow himself, very red in the face, and several sizes too big for the cosy little study.

'Good afternoon, Bob,' said the Rector pleasantly; 'sit down, won't you? Can I do anything for you?'

Bob declined a chair, and stood twirling his hat with big uncertain fingers; staring at the Rector meanwhile.

The latter repeated his question, and Bob with great difficulty mastered his voice.

'Well, theer is summat,' he observed in husky tones; then he wiped his brow. 'I'd as soon see yo' i' the vestry,' he added, jerking his thumb over his shoulder.

The Rector rose, amused and curious; and led the way thither, Bob stalking after him with a gloomy and forbidding expression of countenance. Arrived at the vestry, he looked round, coughed, shifted his weight from one foot to the other, and finally remarked :—

'Her name's Catty.'

The Rector could not repress a burst of laughter.

'What, Bob! Are you contemplating matrimony?'

'I'm bahn to get wed,' returned Leatherbarrow fiercely.

'And a very good thing, too. I congratulate you. Pray excuse my laughing. I was a little taken by surprise. Who is the lady?'

'Lovelady's wench. Her name is Catty—so yo' con start shoutin' us o' Sunday, Pa'son. Good arternoon.'

He was gone before the Rector had time to recover from his amazement.

On Sunday, therefore, to the astonishment of the whole congregation, especially of one of the parties most particularly concerned, the banns of marriage were published between

Robert Leatherbarrow of the Grange Farm and Catherine Lovelady of Lowton.

In the dead stillness which succeeded the announcement—all the coughing and blowing of noses ceasing as by magic—a smothered cry was heard, and the bride-elect was observed to be violently agitated. This was felt to be natural and even pardonable under the circumstances. Rustic etiquette prescribes the absence of bride and bridegroom from the service at which their banns are published; but, though Catty had set this unwritten law at defiance, her susceptibility on hearing herself 'shouted' was considered ample atonement. As for Robert, who sat stolidly staring straight in front of him, 'nobry' expected no better from him.

But when, after church, a little band of sympathisers and well-wishers approached to compliment and congratulate her, they were surprised to find Miss Lovelady in as pretty a fury as ever an ill-used maiden gave way to.

'He never so mich as axed me,' she cried, in good broad Lancashire, forgetting her educated speech in her excitement. 'Yo'n no need to moider me wi' yo'r good wishes. I'm noan bahn to wed wi' him, nor wouldn't if theer was never another young mon i' th' place.'

'Sich impidence!' exclaimed her mother, pushing her way with an exasperated countenance through the group of astonished friends. 'Goin' an' puttin' up the banns, wi'out a word to us!'

'I'll let him know summat,' growled Joe Lovelady; 'I will thot.'

'Here he cooms!' cried the excited crowd. 'Here's Bob Leatherbarrow!'

'Well, and what's to do?' asked Boggart Bob, pausing to scowl round, and looking very big and ugly.

Catty, at sight of him, showed symptoms of impending 'high-strikes,' and was consequently borne off by her mother and one or two other compassionate matrons, while Farmer Lovelady angrily faced the swain.

'Thou's done fur thysel' now, as how 'tis,' he observed; 'the lass 'ill never thooal th' seet on thee. Thou'rt a gradely noddy, Bob Leatherbarrow, and more nor a noddy! Did ever a body hear o' sich a notion? To goo an' get the lass shouted afore thou knowed if hoo were willin' to wed thee or not. Hoo'll never wed thee now.'

Bob drew a long breath, and threw another frowning glance round.

'If hoo dunnot wed me hoo'll wed nobry else,' he observed. 'An' so yo' con tell her, Joe.'

'Thot's a likely tale!' cried the father, while a few of the rustic sparks standing by nudged each other and laughed derisively.

'Ah, yo' may titter and giggle!' cried Bob, 'but I mean what I say. Yo' yoong chaps theer—are yo' 'arkening? If ony on yo' has a fancy fur keepin' coompany wi' Catty Lovelady, give it up! I'll ha' summat to say to thot. Hoo's my lass, an' I'll stick to her, an' I'll wed her, soon or late. So theer! Good-day to yo', Joe!'

The indignation of Catty when this speech was reported to her knew no bounds.

'We'll see who'll hold out the longest,' she cried, and when her lover called the following evening she shut the door in his face. But Bob took the rebuff calmly.

'I'm gettin' the parlour done up at our place,' he shouted through the keyhole. 'Red curtains and a Brussels carpet. Rale 'andsome.'

'What do I care about your curtains and your carpets?' retorted Catty.

'An' next week we's ha' th' new pianner as I ordered fro' Liverpool.'

'Much good may it do you!'

Heavy steps were heard without, moving away, and then drawing near again.

'Catty!'

'Go away. I'm not going to talk to you.'

'Catty, I'll have yo'! Dun yo' hear, Catty? I'll have yo'! I care nowt fur what yo' say—I'll have yo'!'

'Ho! ho! ho!' laughed old Joe, from the kitchen within. 'Th' chap's fair determined. I welly b'lieve he'll win the day.'

'We'll see that!' cried Catty, rejoining the family circle with a flaming face, while her suitor cheerfully bade her good-night through the keyhole.

After two or three more unsuccessful attempts to see his charmer, Leatherbarrow came no more to the Loveladys' farm. The Rector, on being informed how matters stood, had, of course, declined to publish the banns a second time, and by-and-by the gossips ceased to discuss the matter. Boggart Bob's threatened vengeance had, at first, the wholesome effect of keeping all other admirers at a discreet distance, but after a time they plucked up

sufficient courage to approach the young lady, and at last, emboldened by the attitude of lofty aloofness which Leatherbarrow saw fit to maintain, one or two of them ventured to be more particular in their attentions.

One bright breezy Sunday in early April, a certain David Alcock, a fair-haired youth, prepossessing in mien, and witty and brilliant in conversation, persuaded Miss Lovelady to go for a walk with him instead of attending afternoon service. The larks were singing, the young green corn rippling in the fields, a pungent aromatic smell of bursting buds and springing growths was in the sunshiny air, and the breeze had a freshness and tartness in it which exhilarated the young people like wine. What more natural than that, as they paced beside the blossoming hedges, the couple should walk arm-in-arm? They were proceeding very happily indeed, talking a great deal of nonsense, and giggling about nothing at all, when a stentorian voice on the other side of the hedge made them start apart and look round.

'Drop it!' cried the voice. 'Yo', David Alcock! Drop it!'

It was Boggart Bob.

'Drop what?' cried David, reddening and squaring his shoulders.

'Drop coortin' o' my lass!' roared Farmer Leatherbarrow.

'She's none of yo'r gurl,' replied David, speaking 'fine' in honour of his superior companion. 'This young lady is keepin' company with me, Bob Leatherbarrow. Jest yo' mind your own business, if yo' please!'

'David,' responded Bob, 'I've had my e'en on yo' a two-three weeks. I've gi'en yo' warnin' afore, and now I'll gi' it again. Yo' leave my wench alone, and I've leave yo' alone. Coom, it's yo'r last chance!'

'Shall we walk on, Miss Lovelady?' inquired Alcock, with a transparent assumption of indifference. 'I presume we've no need to stand argufyin' here.'

'Let's walk on, by all means,' said Catty, a little pale but determined. 'Good-day to you, Mr. Leatherbarrow.'

'Good-day to yo', Catty,' said Bob with unexpected placidity. 'Good-day, David. Dunnot hurry yo'rsel', mon, I con bide.'

The young pair strolled on, with dignified gait, holding their heads high and talking loudly of indifferent matters. But there was a certain lack of animation in their conversation now, and they were neither so light-hearted nor so affectionate as before the encounter.

They went home by another way, but as they neared Lowton Farm they found Leatherbarrow seated on a stile which commanded a full view of the premises, and reflectively chewing a straw. He nodded as they passed.

'Dunnot hurry yo'sel', David; theer's plenty o' time.'

'I know he means to do you a mischief,' cried Catty breathlessly, as soon as they were out of hearing.

'I'm not afeard of him,' retorted David valiantly. 'He's a great big bully, but I reckon I'm pretty nigh as good a mon as he.'

They were now close to the farm door, and Catty ran in, eager to procure her father's assistance in the event of Bob's offering violence to her admirer. But Joe, lying outstretched in his easy chair before the fire, was hard to rouse, and even when he was thoroughly awake it was difficult to enlist his sympathy.

'What art talking about, lass? What's thou to do wi' Alcock? What brought thee walking wi' him, eh? An idle good-for-nothing chap as ever I see. Sarve him reet if Bob does thrash him.'

'Oh, but he'll kill him!' sobbed Catty.

'An' a good job too!' said her father, yawning. 'Theer'll be one wastril out of the road as how t' is.'

A great shouting and scuffling without made Catty shriek and run to the door, followed by her mother, who came hurrying from the back kitchen, while Joe got out of his chair and shuffled in his stocking-feet to the open air.

There was Boggart Bob dragging along his rival by the collar, and pausing at intervals to shake him as a terrier might shake a rat.

'For shame!' cried Catty furiously. 'He's not half your size, Bob Leatherbarrow, you're a coward!'

Leatherbarrow stood still.

'If he'd bin my size I'd ha' welly killed him,' he observed; 'but seein' as he's sich a nesh little chap I'm lettin' him 'ave it light for this once. Coom on, an' we's get it ower.'

Poor David was hauled on, vainly kicking and struggling, to the duck pond in the midst of the yard, in the noxious waters of which Bob ruthlessly plunged him. Once, twice, three times—then, after a final shake, he flung him into the middle.

A little crowd had collected by this time, and when David emerged, dripping, sputtering, and covered from head to foot with green odoriferous mud, a shout arose of mingled indignation and amusement.

'David Alcock, are yo' 'arkenin'?' said Bob, wiping his hands on his handkerchief. 'I tow'd yo' what to look for if yo' meddled wi' me, and if yo' meddle again yo'll get war—an' so'll ony chap as thinks to coort my Catty. I tell yo' plain.'

'I'll 'ave the law on yo',' whimpered David, who had been vainly endeavouring to clear the mud from his face.

'What's thot yo' say?' cried Bob, wheeling round. 'I tell yo' what, lad, if yo' sauce me I'll gi' yo' a roll i' th' midden. Well, Catty,' he inquired, turning pleasantly to the girl who stood by, white and horror-stricken, 'what thinken' yo' o' yo'r sweetheart now, eh? He's none so sweet, I doubt. And I'll sarve ony other mon the same—and war. Yo'd better tak' up wi' me. Coom Catty,' he went on tenderly, 'will yo' have me?'

A perfect shout of laughter rose from the bystanders; even Farmer Lovelady released his daughter from his restraining grip that he might hold his shaking sides.

Catty, stung by the general merriment into sudden energy, struck out with all her might at the hateful face as it advanced towards her, and caught it fair on one swarthy cheek; then, pushing through the now uproarious crowd, she fled into the house.

Bob clapped his hand to his tingling visage.

'My word!' he cried admiringly. 'Thot was a gradely smack! Hoo's very near the strength of a mon! Theer isn't another wench in England could hit out same's thot. Eh, Joe, yo' can be proud o' yo'r lass! If I'd never a fancy fur her before, I'd fancy her now.'

With that he moved away slowly, his hand still meditatively stroking his jaw, and a pleased smile on his lips. This new revelation of Catty's character filled him with wondering rapture—to find her with such a spirit of her own was as unexpected as delightful. The more his cheek smarted, the deeper he fell in love.

Meanwhile poor Catty found herself in the most humiliating and unpleasant predicament in which a girl of her class and aspirations could be placed.

The young man with whom she felt most disposed to make friends had been very efficiently checked, and there was scarcely any chance of another gallant being brave enough or foolish enough to take his place.

She did, indeed, as a last resource try the desperate expedient of flirting with two youths at a time, thinking there would be

safety in numbers, and flattering herself that she could secretly make choice of either while apparently encouraging both; but Boggart Bob spared her the anguish of indecision. The very first Sunday that the lady's brace of admirers escorted her home from church Bob waylaid them, knocked their heads together till their ideas were a good deal confused, and then rolled them in the mud—not only was it damaging to temper and self-respect to 'coort' Catty Lovelady: it was utter destruction to Sunday clothes. After this the hapless damsel was altogether shunned by the youth of the neighbourhood, a fact upon which Farmer Leatherbarrow commented grimly, observing that it was a good job folks were beginnin' to see he was in earnest, else he was afraid he couldn't let the next chap off so easy.

There was apparently no redress for Catty. Her would-be admirers were either not sufficiently ardent or too much afraid of ridicule to have recourse to the law. Her father persisted in regarding each fresh outrage as part of an excellent joke, and moreover added insult to injury by asserting that it would have to be Bob in the end. Catty would see if it wouldn't. Farmer Leatherbarrow's social status had a good deal to say to this parental heartlessness, and moreover honest old Joe had always entertained a sneaking liking for the surly straightforward neighbour for whom nobody had a good word, and who, nevertheless, with the exception of his recent outbreaks, had never been known to do anyone an ill turn.

Mrs. Lovelady agreed with every one in turn; grumbling with Catty, laughing with her husband, and falling in with the opinion of certain sage gossips that 'it 'ud not be sich a bad job arter all if th' lass 'ud coom round to Robert Leatherbarrow,' and that, as how it was, his lookin' so sharp arter her kep' her out o' mischief.'

One Saturday afternoon just when most housewives are busy and callers are least looked for, Boggart Bob thrust his great black head in at Lovelady's door.

Mrs. Lovelady happened to be polishing her steel fire-irons and looked up in not the sweetest mood.

'Wheer's Catty?' asked Bob.

'I'm sure I don't know—I think hoo went for a walk—hoo'd fettled up parlour, an' then hoo said hoo'd go out. What brings yo' here to-day, Robert?' Mrs. Lovelady had called Leatherbarrow by his Christian name since he had begun to court her daughter. 'Yo' ha' not bin fur quite a long while. I thought yo' had given ower coomin'.'

'I want to show Catty summat,' said Bob. 'Good-day. I'm bahn to look fur her.'

After scouring the country for an hour or so he caught sight of Catty's dark red dress among the reeds which surrounded a certain large pond at some distance from the path. A few strides of his long legs brought him alongside of her.

Now Catty, as it happened, was feeling melancholy. It was a lovely autumn day, a day to make young hearts leap and young blood course merrily through the veins; as she peered into the water beneath her she saw the reflection of her own face framed by yellow irises and plummy reeds, and said 'to herself, sadly, that it was a very pretty face, and it was a dismal thing to think that she would never have a lover. What was the good of being young, and pretty, and clever, and 'edicated above the common,' if it must be her fate either to put up with Boggart Bob as a husband or to accept the lot of an old maid?

She had passed several loving Saturday couples on the road; amongst the rest David Alcock with a little dumpy freckled red-haired girl; and David had pretended not to see her, but after she had passed she had heard the dumpy girl laugh; and then she had betaken her to the fields with red cheeks and a sore heart.

'David was the nicest of them,' she thought, but all the lads avoided her now.

As she leaned forward, looking mournfully at the likeness of her red draperies and dark-eyed face mirrored in the still pool, the dappled patch of sky which floated amid the trembling shadowy reeds was suddenly overcast and the semblance of a swarthy eager face appeared beside her own.

With a start and a scream she turned; Boggart Bob was looking over her shoulder into the water.

'Didn't yo' hear me coom?' he asked. 'See, Catty, look yonder—our two faces side by side!'

'I'm sure I don't want to see 'em,' cried Catty, but she looked nevertheless, and thought how pink and white her own seemed next to his dark one. And then, in a minute, Bob's beard brushed her cheek and he kissed her.

'Oh!' she cried, jumping back and turning fiery red; 'oh! how I do hate you!'

'Catty, I couldn't help it!' pleaded Bob apologetically. 'Seein' th' two faces so nigh to one another i' th' water, yo' knowen—'twas more nor a mon could ston'!'

Catty began to walk away without answering; she would have liked to run, but scorned to abate a jot of her dignity. Bob, with one stride, came alongside of her.

'Catty, I want to show yo' summat at my place. Will yo' coom?'

'Likely, I'm sure,' she returned loftily.

Bob heaved a sigh.

'Well, I'd as soon yo'd coom pleasant—t 'ud be a dale agree-  
'bler. But if yo' wonnot walk o' yo'r own feet I mun carry yo'.'

Catty stood still; her face white, her heart thumping violently. The place was very lonely; nothing in sight but waving corn and wide bare meadow-land; not a sound to be heard but the whistle of a flock of plover overhead and the rustle of the reeds.

'Bob Leatherbarrow,' she said, 'you are a mean coward of a man to threaten a girl. But you are stronger than me, and I suppose I shall have to give in. I'm going against my will, but I'll walk.'

'Catty,' answered Bob, 'them's cruel words! Threaten yo'! Eh, my lass! d' yo' think I'd ever seech to hurt yo'?''

'Then why can't you let me be?' she cried passionately; a sob rose in her throat, but she choked it down. 'Go on, then, if we must go.'

They walked together in silence till they reached the Grange; Bob looking downcast and unhappy, and Catty raging in her heart.

In the middle of the yard stood a smart yellow dogcart; no horse was in the shafts, but a set of new brass-mounted harness was flung negligently over the seat.

'Thot,' observed Leatherbarrow diffidently, 'thot's a new trap, thot is.'

Catty cast a brief and irate glance at it, and walked on.

'An' th' 'arness is new too,' added Bob.

The girl vouchsafed no comment, and Leatherbarrow, with an air of deep depression, ushered her into the house.

In the narrow passage was an aggressively new iron coat-stand, upon which, as he passed, he rapped with a timid knuckle. 'For 'ats and sich-like,' he explained.

Through an open doorway came a glowing vision of an immense kitchen, which, from the coppers on the walls to the fitches hanging from the rafters, was everything that a farm kitchen ought to be. An old woman was toasting muffins before the fire, and a tidy, rosy-cheeked girl was setting out teacups on a tray.

Robert pointed out the latter and observed in a stage whisper, 'Hoo's a new maid—nobbut jest coom.'

Then, throwing open the parlour door, he requested Catty to walk in.

It was certainly a magnificent room. The pattern of the Brussels carpet positively jumped to the eye, and the curtains were as red as red could be. There was, moreover, an arm-chair to match, besides the sofa and six small chairs.

Bob closed the door carefully and stood still.

'Yon's th' new pianner,' he remarked, jerking his thumb towards it, 'an' thot theer's what they call a worktable; theer's little places fur silks an' wools an' thot inside. An' this 'ere table-cloth—did yo' chance to notice th' table-cloth? It costed a dale o' money thot table-cloth did.'

His face was crimson, and while he spoke big drops broke out on his brow.

'Theer's chaney,' he continued tremulously, 'i' th' cupboard yonder—an' silver spoons—an' a taypot—an' have a dozen forks.' He paused. 'Han yo' tried th' arm-cheer? It's as soft! An' a silk cushion an' all. Do set yo' down in it.'

Catty complied, at once astonished, curious, and exasperated. She was impressed in spite of herself by the splendours around her, and was annoyed with herself for being impressed. What did it matter to her, after all? And yet—if Boggart Bob had only been any other man!

He now planted himself in front of her.

'I wanted to show yo' they things,' he said huskily. 'Catty, they're all yourn if yo'll have 'em. I've bin buyin' 'em up one time and another, and now all's ready. Yo' met be as comfortable as th' Queen 'ere, wi' yo'r new parlour an' yo'r two maids an' all. Eh, Catty! couldn't yo' noways tak' a fancy to me?'

'No, I couldn't,' cried Catty crossly. 'What is the good of going on so when I've told you over and over again that if there wasn't another man in the world I'd never look at you?'

Bob heaved a deep sigh.

'Well, it's jest th' t'other way round wi' me. If theer was twenty thousand lasses bonnier nor yo'rsel', and every one on 'em willin' to wed me, I'd never look at noan but yo'. I can't understand it. Here am I ready to do owt i' th' wide world fur yo'—I'd never grudge yo' nowt—an' theer yo're wishing me out o' yo'r seet! I wonder, Catty, whatever made yo' turn against me thot gate?'

'You wonder!' cried Catty, and she bounced out of the arm-chair. 'Well, of all! Why, how can I do anything but hate you? Haven't you made my life a misery to me ever since I knew you? Didn't you make me a laughing-stock to begin with, having our banns given out without even asking my leave? and haven't you persecuted me ever since?'

'Nay, nay,' said Leatherbarrow. 'Persecuted? Nay.'

'What else can you call it? Fighting and threatening people till they are afraid to come near me. Why can't you let me alone? Why can't I walk out with any one I like without you interfering?'

'I never interfered wi' nobry nobbut th' lads, Catty,' expostulated Bob mildly.

'Well, that's just it!' cried she, stamping her foot.

'How con I let another chap keep coompany wi' yo' when I'm keepin' coompany mysel'? 'Tisn't in rayson. If they'd leave yo' alone I'd leave them alone.'

'You mean to go on like this always, then?' interrupted Catty angrily.

'Well,' said Bob, 'once we're wed, yo' knowen, theer wunnot be no 'casion fur 't.'

'Oh dear!' she cried, and then she burst into tears. 'Oh dear, oh dear, I'm the most miserable girl alive!'

'Catty!' said Bob in amazement. He had never seen her cry before, and was overwhelmed at the sight.

'Yes,' sobbed she, 'I am. I wish I was dead, that I do! I detest the very sight of you, but I suppose I shall have to marry you some time, because I am so tired of always saying no, and never having any fun like other girls. But you'll be very sorry, I can tell you that!'

She jerked down her handkerchief and looked at him, her eyes glowing through her tears.

'I'll do my very best to *make* you sorry—I'll make you *rue* the way you have treated me. I'll pay you out, see if I don't!'

'I'm willing,' said Bob, a kind of dubious rapture overspreading his face, 'to resk it, Catty. Coom, will yo' r'ally marry me?'

Her tears flowed faster than ever.

'I suppose I may as well, as you won't let me have any one else. But I don't do it willingly, and I shall always hate you and wish I was dead. I only hope I'll die before the wedding-day! Oh, Bob,' looking up in sudden desperate entreaty, 'can't you see that it won't make you happy to have me for your wife? You

have only bullied me into it, and I shall be always '—sob—' always miserable.'

Bob looked round, at the piano, and the work-table, and the cupboard in which were stored the 'chaney' and the spoons; and then he looked at Catty. He was quite pale.

'Lass,' he said, 'dun yo' r'a'ly mean thot? I con scarce believe it.'

'It's true,' said Catty, and another big round tear rolled over her smooth cheek.

'Well, then—give ower cryin' fur God's sake. I'm fair beat. Give ower, love, an' yo' con do as yo' please!'

He walked over to the window and looked out blankly; continuing presently, in muffled tones:

'I'll never seech to keep coompany wi' yo' no more—an' yo' con—walk wi'—only chap yo' fancy. I'll not hinder yo'.'

Catty wiped her eyes, and stared at him, too much astonished to speak.

'I'd never ha' denied yo' nowt,' went on Bob presently. 'A body 'ud think yo' met ha' made yo'rsel' 'appy 'ere—but theer—we's say no more about it.'

After a moment's pause Catty drew near remorsefully, and touched his arm.

'You're not angry with me, Bob; you don't wish me ill?'

'Nay, nay,' he replied, without looking round. 'I dunnot wish yo' ill, lass. I'm a bit disapp'inted—but I'll happen soon get ower it.'

This was not exactly what she had expected; and the laugh with which she next spoke did not ring quite true.

'Oh, yes, of course you'll soon get over it. You must look out for somebody else.'

'Ah,' agreed Bob mournfully, 'I'll look out fur soombry else.'

Catty felt unreasonably angry.

'Well, don't court her as you did me, that's all, or you'll spoil your chances. Good-bye, I'm going now.'

'Good-bye,' said Bob, turning round with a face of infinite woe.

'I'm sure you're not so sorry as all that!' exclaimed Catty, half laughing and half crying.

'I am sorry,' said Bob, with a great sob.

'Well, it's all your own fault,' said she hesitatingly. 'If you— if you had courted me properly it wouldn't have happened.'

'D' yo' mean yo'd ha' bin willin' to tak' me?' cried Leatherbarrow.

'There's no telling,' responded Catty, with a blush and an arch look. 'If you had taken me out walking sometimes, and let me walk with other people when I fancied, for a change, and after a while, when I had had time to know you—if you'd asked me nicely, and humbly, and lovingly if I'd have you for a husband—I might have said—yes!'

'Eh, Catty!'

'Well, now I've given you a lesson. You'd better try it with—somebody else.'

'Eh, Catty! but I'd a dale sooner try it wi' yo'. Connot yo' give a mon another chance? I'd begin straight fro' th' beginnin' and coort yo' nobbut same's yo' tell me. Eh do, my lass! Theer isn't nobry as I con tak' to same as yo', Catty!'

Catty looked reflectively at the honest anxious face, and then her glance wandered to the piano, and thence to the work-table, and the cupboard in the corner; and all at once she smiled.

'We can but try it,' she said graciously. 'Bob—please, I should so like to see the silver tea-pot!'

## *On a Russian Moor.*

**I** ONCE had a strange dream. I dreamed that I was dead, and that dying I suddenly discovered all my preconceived ideas as to the future state to have been entirely erroneous, at any rate in so far as concerned such persons as myself—the respectable middle class, so to call it, of mundane sinners. Had I belonged to the aristocracy of piety and goodness, which, alas! I did not, or had I occupied a position at the other end of the list, other things might have befallen me, better or worse as the case deserved; but being, as I say, one of the decently respectable middle-class sinners, I was shown, in this foolish dream of mine, into a committee-room marked No. 2, and there informed that since I was neither very good nor very bad, my present destiny was to continue to inhabit this planet for a number of years—I forget how many—not, indeed, in my present corporeal form, but as a spiritual essence; and that I might select any place this side of the dark river, the Styx, as my temporary abode, there to live in Nature's bosom and to assimilate and be assimilated until the simplicity and beauty of Nature, uncontaminated by man, should have purified me of all the harmful taints which I had acquired during my terrestrial existence among fellow-mortals.

And I remember that, in my dream-foolishness, I clasped my hands and fell on my knees, and with streaming eyes assured the committee of Mahatmas (for such, in the dream, they appeared to be) that I wished for no more beautiful heaven than this that they had offered me; and that I implored them to allow me to stay on for ever in the paradise they had prepared for me, and never to pass me onward and upward to attain further joys, however blessed!

And then, in my dream, those Mahatmas flashed their shining eyes at me (there was very little *but* eye and flowing cloak about them, I remember!) and said 'Silence!' and frightened me thereby out of my dream-dead wits.

That, they added, was not my affair nor theirs. All I had to do at present was to make my choice of a place from among those I had best loved during life, and to do so as quickly as I conveniently could, because their hands were somewhat full of business that morning, and they could not spare me more than, at most, five minutes.

I remember that I looked over my shoulder at this and perceived an innumerable host of persons, all, presumably, in a similar position to my own, and all ready to take their turns, in strict rotation, before the committee of Mahatmas in room No. 2; and I could not help reflecting that the middle-class sinner must indeed be a very large class, and that I should do wisely to select some rather unfrequented spot for my future home, lest my domain should be trespassed upon by other spiritual essences, and my peace marred by—to use a mundane expression—unseemly rows.

And then I became conscious of a great difficulty in the matter of this choosing of a place to live in. Picture after picture came up before my mind's eye, each more fascinatingly beautiful than the other. There was a lovely little bit of Devonshire coast, and another shore in Pembrokeshire; there were delicious spots in half the counties of England—woods, and hedgerows, and rivers, and waving fields wherein my spiritual being might disport itself in the contemplation of the teeming secret life of Nature; there were Kensington Gardens, a certain central glade of which I had loved well enough, and which my spiritual essence might find a handy spot in case the longing for human fellowship were to assail me—when I could so easily perch myself unseen amid the branches of a tree overlooking Bayswater Road, and drink in, to my heart's content, the familiar sights and sounds of London, or even take a ride on the top of an Acton 'bus; but at this point of my reflections one of the Mahatmas wagged his head at me and said:

'Oh, no! You can't do that, you know. No 'bus-driving. Twenty miles from any town, if *you* please!'

It did not strike me as curious that this Mahatma should have read my thoughts, neither did it occur to me to wonder how he knew that I was animadverting upon the delights of the twopenny 'bus. However, his remark narrowed my field of selection, and I thought on as intensely as I could. I crossed the seas and flew, in spirit, to Finland, to a lovely island in the midst of a beautiful river—the Voksa—teeming with trout, great and small, and with

silver grayling; and then I thought of Ostramanch, the home of the capercaillie, of the blackcock; the scene of a hundred and one superb days with the gun, and of as many nights spent in the perfect happiness of solitude and observation beneath the tall pines and the bright stars of the northern sky, in the hush and the solemn majesty of the darkness and silence. And I had almost cried, 'Give me Ostramanch!' when I remembered that this dearly-loved spot would not, after all, do. It had passed from English into Russian hands, and my spiritual self could never be really happy there under such circumstances. What if my essence were suddenly to happen upon a Russian sportsman taking a family shot at a young covey of blackgame or willow-grouse, huddled together upon a sand-dune, or hiding behind a tuft of purple-fruited bilberry? Could my spiritual voice cry out upon such a deed, or my spiritual fingers close upon his throat, or my phantasmal toe perform a corporeal function? Could I even spread bony arms before his eyes and play the common vulgar ghost upon him, to punish him withal? Alas! I thought, no. Ostramanch will not do. And then, at last, the picture of Erinofka rose before my eyes, and I knew that I had found my Fate. I pictured myself strolling year-long over the purple moors, through the dark belts of forest, by bog and morass and snipe-haunted waste. I remembered many trudges—days of delight—in those same woods, gun-laden, full of ardour, unwearied by day-long tramping, oblivious of hunger, impatient of oncoming darkness; and I imagined myself repeating such delightful experiences *ad infinitum*, and laughed aloud in the joy of my foolish dream-heart. The Mahatmas immediately interfered; they flashed their great eyes and fluttered their long black mantles at me, and cried:

'No guns, no guns!'

'And no fishing-rods!' added one of them.

'What! no guns and no rod?' I said, growing grave very suddenly. To be at Erinofka and never to hear the popping of another cartridge seemed a dreadful prospect.

'Oh, you can carry a gun if you please,' said the presiding Mahatma, who was growing strangely like a London police magistrate, 'but you must use smokeless and noiseless powder, and no shot.'

'And a rod without a reel,' said another Mahatma.

'And a line without a hook,' added a third.

'And see that you have a licence,' put in a fourth.

'But, sirs,' I began, 'what am I to do with myself, if I may not——'

'Take life?' interrupted the Chairman. 'Silence, prisoner at the bar, and learn to be happy without killing! To Erinofka with him, gaoler!'

'How long, your worship?' said that functionary.

Four thousand five hundred years was, I think, the figure, but it may have been four hundred thousand. I was still puzzling over the matter when I awoke. Afterwards, when I thought upon this dream of mine, it struck me that my sentence was, after all, a most enviable one. Thousands of years at Erinofka, with no terrestrial cares to weigh me down; face to face and heart to heart with Nature, learning her secrets day long; a life-atom among myriads of others; a little part of an infinite whole; harmless, free, careless, contented, in fellowship with bird and beast and insect, and with every form of life that has a vested interest in wood and moor and wet morass. For such an existence I had chosen, I think, the right place. At any rate my spiritual essence, if weary of wandering about armed with a gun that would not work, could amuse itself by recalling those dear, unregenerate days when guns, unprohibited by stern Mahatmas, popped freely, and reels creaked, and when the glad voice of the sportsman was heard upon these moors, and among them my own, together with the popping of many terrestrial cartridges. One day especially, and that the day of my first acquaintance with the place, lingers more fondly than others in the memory, and would afford material for much spiritual contemplation, perhaps even unto forty-five thousand years, if there were nothing better to do! And it is of that particular day that I propose to tell, now that this somewhat extended preface has been got through.

It was Jemmie, of course, who introduced me to Erinofka. Any one in St. Petersburg will tell you who Jemmie is, for he is a popular character and is known and loved by all. Well, it was Jemmie who proposed a day at Erinofka, a day among the juveniles; the younglings of the blackcock and of the willow-grouse, and perhaps a peep at the princelings of his majesty King Capercailzie. It was early in the summer, perhaps too early; but shooting in the Tsar's domains begins considerably earlier in the year than we, in this country, are accustomed to take gun in hand, and the sportsman may there sally forth on July 27, if it please him, and shoot young game without breaking any laws. It was not quite so early as this when Jemmie carried me—a willing

captive—to Erinofka, but August was still very young, and so were some of the coveys; though, thanks to a fine warm season, many or most of these were marvellously well-grown; but of this anon. Erinofka is blessed, or cursed, with a most marvellous little railway of its very own, a kind of toy track, laid down for the convenience of a peat-cutting establishment not very far from the shooting-box which was our objective point. The railway is very narrow, and the omnibus-like carriages, which the public are allowed to occupy for a consideration and at their own risk, are very top-heavy; and the driver of the little engine is generally very drunk, all of which circumstances combine to make this Erinofka heaven quite as difficult of attainment as the very highest of Mahomet's, and the journey a matter not to be undertaken without deep thought, much repentance, and a visit from the family lawyer. The line looks something like the toy track at Chatham—that upon which youthful officers of the Royal Engineers are or were wont to disport themselves; a pastime devised, I believe, by the War Office, for the twin purposes of teaching the British officer how to drive a locomotive, and how best to fall off it with dignity when the engine runs off the rails.

Jemmie tells me that before the peat-people built this line it had been necessary to bump along to Erinofka as best one could, over the most awful roads that human bones ever creaked upon, a distance of forty or fifty miles; but that now, if only you can get hold of the sober, the *comparatively* sober driver, the journey is a sweet boon. It appears that there are three drivers on this line—Matvey, who is always very drunk indeed; Ivan, who is always rather drunk and sometimes highly intoxicated; and Yegor, who has been known to be sober. I have not seen the man who saw Yegor sober; but it is confidently asserted that he has been observed in this unusual condition, and that he is rarely more than half drunk.

Well, I seldom have much luck, and when I went with Jemmie to Erinofka upon that little narrow railway, in a wide long carriage that might have served as a portion of the G. W. R. rolling stock in its unregenerate broad-gauge days, we had Matvey to drive our engine. Matvey had, to put it mildly, been drinking, and he desired to drink again. Now, Matvey knew very well that he could get no more vodka until he reached Erinofka, and this is why we travelled at a pace which was bound to end, and did shortly end, in disaster. In a word, we ran off the line three miles or so from the start, and that we did not also run down a

steep embankment into a river was certainly not Matvey's fault; we could not have gone much nearer the edge than we did.

However, Erinofka was reached in safety at last, and—since our accident had delayed us at least two hours—right ravenously did we fall upon the good cheer set out for us by the head-keeper, Hermann, and his wife. One item of this repast, at least, I remember vividly: an enormous dish piled to the height of nearly a foot with luscious wild strawberries. It would be unfair to give my friend away in the matter of those strawberries; but I will say that Jemmie partook with freedom of the fruit, and that I myself tasted a few berries. The arm-chairs in the Erinofka sitting-room were remarkably comfortable, I remember, after that repast, and the conversation languished. But we were to be up and away at 3.30 A.M.; for we must drive a matter of seven miles to the moor we intended to work on the morrow, and the courteous Hermann—who had cleared away the large empty dish which had contained so many strawberries with but one convulsive movement of the facial muscles and a quick glance of polite consternation in the direction of the reposing James—this courteous Hermann very gently reminded us that it was now eleven, and that between that hour and three was embraced the entire period devotable by us to sleeping off the effects of railway accidents and arctic strawberries, all of which was so very true that we sighed, and rose from those blest arm-chairs and went to bed.

The baying and barking of four excited dogs (who knew as well as we did that the first shoot of the season was to come off on this day) rendered unnecessary Hermann's polite knockings at the bedroom doors, and his gentlemanly intimation that the day was all that could be expected of it, and the hour—three. When Shammie, and Carlow, and Kaplya, and Bruce are performing a quartette at 3 A.M., even Jemmie cannot sleep, and we were both wide-awake and discussing matters when Hermann came to hound us to breakfast. Breakfast was somewhat of a failure, I remember. Did I mention that we had taken a few strawberries at 10.30 P.M.? Well, we had; and it was found that the circumstance militated against a hearty British appetite at 3 A.M. However, this being so, the less time was wasted before starting for the moor. There is something, to me, peculiarly fascinating and exhilarating about this starting out on the first day of shooting; but oh! that seven-mile drive to the moor. The roads were so absolutely and utterly vile, and the cart so unspeakably uncomfortable, that no

reader would believe me were I to attempt to describe the misery of driving under such conditions. But Jemmie, bless him! smiled on and smiled ever; and I—not to be outdone in exuberance of spirits this superb morning—pretended that I liked being bumped about like a hailstone on a hard lawn. All four dogs were with us. They lay, at the start, quiescent enough at the bottom of the vehicle; but alas! not for long. In the first fifty yards Shammie was on my lap, and Bruce with his arms round Jemmie's neck; in the second I found, to my surprise, that a cartridge-box had usurped Shammie's place on my knee, and that Shammie's head and my shin were exchanging civilities at the bottom of the cart. Occasionally the driver was sprawling on the back of the shaft horse, and now and again he was shot violently upon the top of Jemmie or me, or suddenly appeared, wrong way up, between us. Occasionally also we found that the dogs and we had changed places, and that we lay struggling on the floor of the cart while they stood on their heads, or sat with surprised and pained expressions upon the seat. Nothing mattered. Jemmie smiled, and I tried to. What though our shins were black and blue with the misplaced attentions of cartridge cases and gun stocks? What though the dogs whined and grew absurdly angry with one another, showing signs of an imminent general engagement? What though Jemmie bounded into air—bird-like—and nested upon the top of my head, or I on his? Nothing matters on the first day of shooting; disasters are a joke, and battered heads and limbs are contributions to the hilarity of the proceedings. Ah, well! the dogs limped ostentatiously when we arrived, and Jemmie and I were very, very stiff, but oh! so happy, and I, at all events, grateful and amazed to find myself all in one piece, and we paced slowly through the first belt of thick, gameless pine-wood, thinking unutterable things, and with a decided tendency to quote poetry when the tongue would wag.

Half a mile of barren trudging, and then the forest begins to lighten; the young day sends golden smiles to greet us through the trees; wherever there is room for a ray or two of his glory to pass, he stretches a hand to us. 'Come,' he seems to say, 'come out upon the moor and bathe yourselves in my full favour; my good, gigantic smile is over all this morning!' And here is the moor itself, a sight to set the heart a-beating this first day of the season; stretching wide and rich before us; miles across; limitless, apparently, from end to end; and, as we believe and hope, teeming with game, if only we can hit upon the coveys.

What a lot of trouble it would save, I suggest foolishly, if

one had a divining-rod that showed the whereabouts of the birds! '*Prok pudor!*' says James, and rightly, 'the dogs are our divining-rods.' As to these dogs, Shammie and Carlow are setters—Shammie a red Irish, Carlow a blue Belton, and wild at that. The other two are Russian-bred pointers of English parentage—good animals both, and well-trained, according to his lights, by Hermann. The setters both hail from a Scottish moor, and are to-day on their trial in this unfamiliar country. Their journey has lost them none of their keenness—look at them now! Shammie, cool and collected, businesslike, making no false move, but ardent and determined; Carlow, half a mile away, but back again in no time and hundreds of yards away on the opposite tack, the quickest and wildest dog, surely, that ever ranged. Kaplya and Bruce hunt close to their trainer—we are giving all four of them a breather just to settle their nerves; but presently two will be taken in while two do the work.

Suddenly Shammie stops dead; so do, for an instant, my heart and pulses. Kaplya and Bruce back instantly, stiff as marble. Carlow is coming in at racing speed, but sees the others when fifty yards away, and lies down automatically. Shammie's tail wags slightly, and we feel that there may be a disappointment before us; but he turns and looks at us, and observing that we are taking him seriously, stiffens into a dead point. It must be business.

'You take first shot,' says generous Jemmie; 'if it's a covey, your birds are on the right and mine on the left.'

The first shot of the season! how absurdly my heart is beating! I wonder the birds do not hear it and get up wild.

Suddenly, twenty yards from us, there is a rustle and a flutter of strong wings, and a grey hen rises without clucking, and, lifting herself gracefully over the young birch saplings, floats away over the moor.

'*Matka!*' (Hen!) shouts Hermann, and, to the surprise and disgust of the dogs, no cartridge explodes. Shammie smiles and pants, and looks round at us in a pained though kindly manner; he hopes it is all right, but reflects that they generally get their guns off in Scotland when he shows them the game. Jemmie declares that, if it were lawful, he would shoot off all the old barren hens; he is convinced, he says, that they do great damage by bullying the younger hens and chasing them from the moor, in order themselves to monopolise the attentions of the gentlemen of the family.

Oh! the jealousy of the female sex. Jemmie may be perfectly right, and I fancy that he is; but what do the old blackcock, or (for the matter of that) the young blackcock, think of such proceedings? What would the marrying men of our branch of life think or do, if the old maids should succeed in banishing all that was young and beautiful in order to promote their own chances of mating?

But it is very hot, and Jemmie suggests that the birds will be lying at the edge of the moor beneath the shade of the pines, and thither we trudge through the heavy moss and heather. The going is always terribly heavy until the first bird is grassed; after which event, I have observed, the tramping loses much of its weariness and the shooting-boots their weight, and when a dozen or so brace have been secured, the feet that bear the delighted trudger are winged feet.

Nevertheless, we walk for a full hour and are still—as to our game bags—as empty as when we started. We see no beauty in the lovely moor, at this period. The dogs, we feel, are failures, all four of them. Hermann, too, is a fraud, for did he not declare that there were eight fine coveys within a radius of a mile upon this very moor? Where are those coveys, Hermann? Did we submit to be shuttle-cocked over your ghastly parody of a road in order to be humbugged by you at the end of it? Where are these coveys? I say. Such, or to this effect, were the remarks of Jemmie. I think, during those first two hours of unremunerative trudging, he vowed to shoot all four of his dogs, sell his guns and his cartridges, give up shooting, and devote his entire energies to gardening and lawn tennis, with a little fishing and a trifle of archery; I rather think Hermann and the other keepers were to share the fate of the dogs; I forget whether I was to die, I think I was; but at the end of two hours the luck changed and Jemmie smiled, and dogs and keepers and I all breathed again.

It was Kaplya that stumbled upon the first covey. Carlow was being led just then and so was Bruce, and good Shammie had by this time formed unflattering opinions as to the Russian moors in comparison with those of Scotland; consequently he was cantering about scientifically enough, but half-heartedly, ranging in an unconvinced and unconvincing manner, ready to oblige by doing his share of this foolish work, but feeling that in his case it was time and talent wasted. Probably he was wondering when the next train started for Scotland, and deciding to take it and go hence to places where the moors were not dummy moors, but

the *bonâ-fide* habitations of grouse and blackgame, when he suddenly caught sight of old Kaplya at a dead point in front of his very nose, while perhaps that organ was at the same instant assailed by the unexpected evidence of the proximity of something better than heather and bilberry plants. At any rate, down went Shammie as if shot, in as correct a pose as a 'backing' setter can assume.

Instantly, also, Carlow and Bruce sat down, the former so suddenly that Ivan, the under-keeper, who held him, tripped over him and measured his length, letting Carlow go, chain and all, to join the party of stiffened doghood at our knees.

This time there was no disappointment. After a moment or two of that intense waiting which every sportsman knows and loves—while the birds, hidden somewhere in the heather or greenery, are eyeing their human and canine disturbers, and wondering what is best to be done, whether to run or fly, or remain crouching—there came the usual pulse-fluttering rustle, and up and away went three superb young blackcock, nearly full grown, two to Jemmie's side, one to my own.

For all I know to the contrary, my blackcock may still be alive and entertaining his friends with the narrative of how a foolish and excitable Englishman once drew a bead upon him in his youth, and drew it awry. In a word, my too agitated pulses blinded my eye and unnerved my hand, and I missed that lordly youngling handsomely and entirely. Not so James and his brace of beauties. Jemmie is a deadly shot, and I would as soon sit on a bomb as play the blackcock to his unerring barrel; he grassed both his birds; and I knew that the dogs and keepers were now safe, and that the guns of my friend would not, yet awhile, be put up for sale.

But trusty Kaplya and Shammie still stood on; there were more of this interesting family to come. Recaptured Carlow pulled and strained at his leash; Bruce softly whined and trembled spasmodically, sitting on Stepan's foot.

Up started a fourth blackcock, accompanied by his mother; with bewildering suddenness they rose and hurtled away, the old lady dropping a last word of advice to the youngsters still remaining vacillating behind. I imagined her clucks to mean, 'Oh, you foolish little creatures! why did you not fly when your mamma gave the lead? Fly always after a shot, when the guns are empty.'

This time black death flew from my right barrel, calling to

his last account a very beautiful young blackcock, nearly as large as his mother, who of course escaped scot free, triumphing—as she supposed—by reason of her wisdom. But the dogs still stood on.

This is the best, as it is the pitiful foolishness of the blackcock tribe. Their fathers are birds of great wisdom and cunning; their mothers are sagacious and experienced; but the little ones are headstrong and foolish, and love to act independently of their elders. Instead of flying altogether as grouse and partridges do, and thus enjoying each a chance of escape as well as participating in the common danger, they rise by ones and twos, and each bird becomes the sole objective for the charge of the sportsman, thereby immensely lessening his chance of flying between the pellets.

The first covey of the season was a grand one indeed, thirteen birds, including the mother, and of these we slew without leaving the original spot no less than nine. Jemmie beamed. He said sweet things to Hermann, the lately abused and condemned; he patted the dogs and 'praised them to their face;' he declared that I had slain a full half of the dead birds, whereas I knew well that three only had fallen to my fire and six to his; he discovered that the walking was easy enough when one grew used to it; he liked the sunshine; in a word, my friend James had donned those spectacles whose glasses are of the colour of the rose.

It was now seven o'clock; the heather and bilberry plants were still 'dew-pearled,' and there were diamonds on every gossamer thread that ran from leaf to leaf and from plant to plant; but the sun was hot enough, by this, to dry up an ocean, and I knew these morn-gems would not last much longer. I was glad when Jemmie proposed a short rest (nominally for the dogs' sake), for there was all the beauty of the morning to take in, and that is best done in a sitting or lying posture. The panting of the dogs is almost the only sound—that and the indescribable evidence of teeming life which you may hear in the dead of the silence. Who makes the sound? What is it? Where is it? I think it is Nature in travail; it is growth and development, the never-resting activity of the spirit of life that moves upon the face of the land.

Our nine little victims lie upon the heather before us, and Jemmie weighs each in his hand and tries, very unnecessarily, their beaks in order to be assured of their youth, and admires their growth, and beams upon men and dogs in high good-humour. I, too, criticise the birds and am conscious of a stifling feeling of regret. Here are nine beautiful little lives taken in as many minutes, taken so easily—alas! but who could ever give back to

these feathered ruins the thing we have bereft them of? I know it is foolish to sentimentalise thus over the dead creatures I came to destroy, and will destroy again the very next time that I have an opportunity; but the triumph of the sportsman is always a little marred, I think, by this feeling of guilt—the guilt of having robbed Mother Nature of some of her beautiful children. She does very well without them, I dare say, and if we had not secured them, doubtless the kites and hawks and foxes would have taken their share—probably as large a share as this of ours; nevertheless, here they were an hour ago upon this moor, alive and busy and beautiful; and now they are not, and *we* did it.

Nevertheless, again we are up and about, and ready to 'do it' once more after a quarter of an hour's repose; and the next thing we fall upon is a covey of chirping and twittering little willow-grouse, scarcely free of the egg-shells, a tiny, confiding flock that flit chattering and scolding after their brown and white mother, annoyed to be disturbed and made to use their lovely little mottled wings in flight, and anxious to settle again before twenty yards have been covered. We send a laugh after the little family, instead of a hailstorm of No. 7, and leave them to grow and fatten; they shall enjoy the delights of life on this moor for three good weeks, if not four, ere the leaden death shall make Erinofka the poorer by their perfectly-marked little persons. Then an old blackcock, unaware that Jemmie and his choked left barrel are about, foolishly lets us approach within fifty yards of his sanctuary, and rising with a crow of defiance, subsides instantly at the bidding of the unerring James, with a groan and a gasp—dead.

Presently a superb covey of willow-grouse (who are the parents of our own red variety of the family) rise with a whirr and a loud laugh from the old cock, leave their tribute of four upon the heather, and vanish. We see them flit like a white cloud over the open moorland, rise like one being to top the bushes, flash their wings in the sun as they wheel round in the traditional manner of their tribe before settling, and then we suddenly lose sight of them and see them no more.

'They are down among the aspens,' said Jemmie. Hermann dissented.

'They wheeled right round the spinney,' he says, 'and settled well beyond it.'

Ivan takes the side of Jemmie, and Stepan sides with his chief. I am neutral. I saw them up to a point, but not

beyond it ; I saw the sun tip their white feathers with fire as they wheeled, and then lost them ; but I know how many there were—there were nineteen, no less, that journeyed over the heather and into the spinney—a gigantic covey indeed !

‘Two coveys,’ says Jemmie ; ‘the willow-grouse have a passion for massing even in the chicken stage,’ which is perfectly true, while in the autumn you may find a community of a hundred of them living together.

Now, were these birds little white ghosts, or real flesh and blood and feathers ? If not spectres, then where are they ? This was the question we asked of one another as, for a full hour, we paced and repaced, as we believed, every inch of a square half-mile of ground within which the little wizards must inevitably be somewhere hidden. Hermann explained the matter by declaring that they had settled altogether in a huddled mass, and had not moved a muscle since ; knowing, perhaps instinctively, that by preserving absolute immobility they give no scent. We may, and so may the dogs, have passed within a yard of the hole or tuft in which the beady-eyed little creatures lay crouched, watching us, scarcely breathing for terror, their poor hearts and pulses going very fast as we come near and pass by and see no sign of them.

But Carlow has the luck to stumble upon them. I am watching the dog, and I see him stop suddenly in his mad career (Carlow’s career is always mad !), and bend over in an extraordinary position. There is the covey, under his very nose. Alarmed they are now, and their necks are held straight and high ; they attempt no further concealment ; their only anxiety is how to take wing without falling into the jaws of this ogre—fox or whatever he may be. Carlow would sooner perish than touch one of them ; but they do not know this, poor things, and peer helplessly and timidly this way and that in the extremity of terror and uncertainty. I can examine them now at leisure for a moment or two, and oh, what beautiful creatures they are ! Where was ever so soft a brown as this of theirs, or so pure a white ? What bird ever matched the graceful poise of their heads ? What—there ! they are off, and I have missed them with both barrels ; this comes of moralising. Jemmie did not moralise, and he has dropped two of the beauties ; but there is a chance for me yet, for the covey has settled in the open, no doubt about the exact spot this time, and not more than one hundred and fifty yards away.

So we take in all the dogs excepting old Kaplya, who is as safe and steady as the Rock of Gibraltar, and head straight for the place in which we believe the birds to be lying. Old Kaplya raises his nose, half turns towards us, smiles and winks (she positively does both), as though she would say, 'All right, keep your eye upon Kaplya; I'm on these birds already—follow me!' and away she goes straight as a line, first cantering easily, then trotting a few yards, then cautiously walking as many more, then slowly stopping, stiffening, turning her nose now slightly to this side, now to that, then finally fixing herself into the very perfect picture of a sure point.

Up they go, and off go my two barrels, rather too rapidly and excitedly; off go Jemmie's also, but with more deliberation. To my first shot a bird falls in tatters; to my second two succumb. I have shot three of them, and Jemmie his usual brace. But, alas! my first bird is but a mangled mass of feathers and broken bones, and there must be a burial. Hide him deep beneath the moss and heather, Hermann, and for pity's sake say no more about the circumstance; for in truth my heart is like wax within me by reason of this wasted life. It is pardonable and right, though perhaps regrettable, to take these lives when we intend to use the shot-riddled carcasses for our food, but to blow a beautiful creature to pieces and to be obliged to bury its remains is unpardonable.

We decide to leave the rest of this covey; we have levied sufficient tribute upon it. And now the day is growing into middle age, and Jemmie says that we will find one more family of willow-grouse or blackgame and then take our mid-day meal and our siesta. We will diverge into the thick belt of forest on the right, he says, and see if we can find a covey of capercailzie.

I long to see another capercailzie before I die. For many a year I have been absent from those moors whereon the great king of game-birds holds his high court. Oh! if I could but come face to face—but once—with the royal family, I could return to far-off England content.

But, alas! the king was not to be found. Deep in the sanctuary of mid-forest, somewhere beyond those tall, dark pines—perhaps miles away—he had listened in proud disdain to the popping of our cartridges upon the moor, and had laughed at our impotent endeavours to outwit himself and his family of princelings. To-morrow, likely enough, he would stalk about the moor from end to end, he and the long-legged princes and princesses, his sons and daughters, and the haughty lady his

queen; but to-day, no, thank you! Not while James and his deadlly Holland were about!

We stumbled, however, upon a covey of blackgame, and levied full tribute upon them in default of their big cousins; but now the splendid August sun had

Clomb up to heaven and kissed the golden feet of noon,

and Jemmie declared that if we did not instantly settle down to our legitimate lunch, he would not answer for it if he suddenly fell upon me, or Hermann, or Shammie, or even perspiring Stepan and devoured him. Accordingly, therefore, we selected our camp in a shady spot by a moss-pool—for this bog-water was all that we should get to-day, and we must use it or none for tea-making—and Hermann was instructed to unpack the luncheon basket. Out came the good things, a profuse and welcome procession of luxury—spring chickens, tongue, well-iced butter, two bottles of claret, *Alexander Kuchen* (O blessed Alexander! whoever you may have been, to have invented so delicious a dainty; may the sweet maidens of Valhalla feed you for ever with your own Kuchen, O Alexander! and may you eat heartily of it without suffering or surfeiting), and arctic strawberries. For half an hour we toyed, did James and I, with the viands, after which for two hours we slept or rested; for during this time of high noon the birds mysteriously disappear, and nor man nor dog may find them; and I lay and dreamed dreams, a few sleeping and many waking ones; and the peace and silence and restfulness of that mid-day in the forest entered into my soul and abode there in a sense of infinite and lasting content, which may be recalled—as through a phonograph—and reproduced at will to this hour.

And then again, after a cup of tea concocted of bog-water, but delicious notwithstanding, and after counting and recounting our twelve or thirteen brace of victims, we pulled ourselves together and trudged for four more hours, during which time we doubled our tale of slaughter, or nearly so, and when the hour came that we must head for the carts and return home to dine and catch the night train for town, it was with sadness that we wended our way homewards. We had spent twelve hours upon this pleasant moor indeed; but who would be content with twelve? Twelve thousand were all too little of such delight. I am quite determined that if my friends the Mahatmas give me another dream-chance I shall jump at the offer of Erinofka as a place of abode, however long

the sentence be. What if the spirit-gun will not go off? So long as I may tramp the heather and see the game and carry over my shoulder the semblance of a gun to point at them, even a dummy gun; so long as I may see the dew-pearled gossamer, and feel the broad smile of the August sun, and hear the hum and buzz and crackle and cluck of teeming life around me, I really do not think I care so very much about the killing. And this is why I declare that if the Mahatmas offer me the Erinofka heaven I shall accept it, ay, even unto forty-five thousand years! Nevertheless, if they allow me a breechloader and cartridges instead of that foolish spirit-gun of theirs, I shall certainly shoot.

FRED. WHISHAW.

## *The Transporting Power of Water and the Making of Land.*

IN the following article it is proposed to show what an important part the transporting power of water plays in degrading and reconstructing the material of which the surface of this world is composed, and in rendering it habitable.

The original formation of the crust of the world consists of sterile volcanic rocks, only capable of supporting a very limited amount of plant life. By the action of water these rocks are worn away and degraded, the *débris* being transported and deposited in layers of soil of more or less thickness, on which vegetation can flourish and produce food for human consumption.

The surface of the earth is thus subject to constant degradation and reconstruction. The mills of Nature grind slowly but surely and without ceasing, and as steadily as existing rocks are worn away new land is being formed. In fact, the whole cultivated land of the world is derived from *débris* disintegrated from volcanic rocks, transported by water, deposited at some lower level, and subsequently again raised into the elevated tracts which now form the greater part of the surface of the earth.

It requires a strong effort of imagination to realise the enormous periods of time that must have elapsed during which the sandstone rocks, the limestone hills and plains, and the chalk downs with which this country is diversified, were being eroded, transported, and deposited. There are, however, also vast plains of alluvial soil, a large part of which have been made within comparatively recent periods of time, and the composition of which is still going on in a manner that can be traced and realised.

The process of degradation is principally due to mechanical action, the primary and moving agent of destruction being water.

The rain falling on the rocks sinks into every crack and crevice, carrying with it into these fissures surface material which has been degraded by the weather, and thus affording a matrix sufficient to start the growth of vegetation, and afterwards to maintain the plants. The fibres and roots of these plants, bushes, and trees thus brought into life, growing and expanding, act as wedges to split up the surface of the rock, and to commence the process of wearing away. From this quality of destruction a large class of plants derive the name of *Saxifrages*, or rock-breakers, from their roots penetrating into the minute fissures in search of water, and so assisting in the process of disintegration. In winter the water collected in the hollows and crevices becomes frozen, and expanding as it changes into ice, acts like a charge of blasting material in breaking up the rock. The pieces thus detached become further disintegrated by frost and weather, and being rolled over and over and rubbed against each other as they are carried away down the mountain torrents, are ground gradually smaller and smaller, till from fragments of rock they become boulders, then pebbles, and finally sand. As the mountain stream merges into the river the pebbles and coarse sand continue to be rolled along the bottom of the channel, while the argillaceous particles and salts become mingled with the water, and flow on with it either in suspension or solution.

While this disintegrating process is going on inland, the rocks and cliffs on the coast exposed to the sea are suffering degradation by a similar process, and are also being worn away by the incessant action of the waves of the ocean beating on them, and attacking them not only with the impact of the water, but also with the fragments broken off, which, dashed against the face from which they have been eroded, are thus used as implements of destruction.

The pieces of rock thus broken from the cliffs are incessantly rolled about by the waves and transported by the tides along the coast until reduced to the form of shingle, and finally become deposited in vast beds in sheltered bays, as at *Pevensey* and *Dungeness*; or in long ridges running out for miles and rising above the level of high tides, such as are found at the *Chesil Bank*, *Aldborough*, *Spurn Point*, and other places. The alluvial matter diffused amongst the tidal water of the sea, when circumstances are favourable, settles on its bed, where, mixed with shells and the remains of calcareous and silicious organisms, it in time becomes consolidated by the immense pressure of the water, to be upheaved

probably in future ages by some great volcanic disturbance to form hills or downs similar to those which now exist.

By taking account of the amount of rainfall and the quantity of water flowing down the rivers, and the solid matter carried along in suspension, it is possible to form some approximate idea of the rate at which this process of degradation proceeds, and of the time it will take for Great Britain to be worn away down to the level of the sea. Of the rain which falls on the earth the greater part passes away by evaporation, absorption by growing vegetation, or by percolation through the surface to springs. It may, however, be assumed that in this country about five inches of the total rainfall annually passes away to sea down the rivers in a more or less turbid condition. The area of Great Britain is computed at  $56\frac{1}{2}$  millions of acres. Allowing an average quantity of solid matter carried in suspension and solution at the rate of 100 grains in every cubic foot of water, this would give an annual quantity of solid matter degraded from the surface of Great Britain, and transported by the rivers to the sea, of  $6\frac{1}{2}$  millions of tons a year. The average level of the country, taking hill and dale, is estimated by geologists at 650 feet above the sea level. At the above rate of transport the whole area of Great Britain will be worn away to sea level in about eleven million years. There are, however, the still more active agents of destruction at work in the waves and tides beating on the cliffs. The degradation due to this cause along the coast of the South of England, and in those parts where the softer rocks exist, is estimated at the rate of nearly one foot in a year, and on the harder rocks at the rate of one-tenth of an inch in a year. Taking a mean of one inch along the whole coast line, Great Britain would be reduced to the condition of a plateau level with the sea in five million years. At a more or less rapid rate than the above, the whole of the world is gradually succumbing under the same process of degradation and wearing away.

While, however, degradation and wasting is thus going on, new land is at the same time being made up by the transporting action of water.

The quantity of solid matter which water can transport depends on the velocity with which it flows. A quickly running stream, containing an equal quantity of matter in suspension, moves in a given time a greater mass than one running at a lower velocity. A stream in rapid motion can also carry a greater quantity in suspension, as gravity has less time to act on the solid

particles before they are subjected to other influences due to the increase of eddies, and the whirling motion set up by the increased momentum of the stream. The specific gravity of the material transported may be taken as about double that of the water, and in still water the particles will rapidly settle, the time required depending on the quality of the material and the size of the particles. Thus clean, coarse sand, consisting entirely of silicious particles, if placed in a glass bottle and shaken up, will be seen to settle almost immediately and leave the water clear, whereas purely argillaceous particles will take several hours to settle, and even days before the water becomes clear again. While water is in motion in a river the particles are continually kept in motion and stirred up, the molecules of water in running streams having a rotary and continual upward motion sufficient to counteract the downward tendency of the solid particles. The capacity of water to carry material is, however, limited and depends on circumstances. Clean water will erode and cut away shoals, or the banks of a river, while turbid water, loaded to its full capacity, will pass on without causing erosion.

Thus the broken fragments of rock which fall into the mountain stream or the brook are carried onward by the flood, and in the process of being rolled over and over their edges are broken off and the rock is ground into gravel, and the gravel is in time worn into sand, and the alluvial matter is reduced to particles sufficiently fine to remain suspended in the water, which, by its rotary action, its vertical eddies and its whirls, keeps it suspended until it is swept out to the estuary or the ocean, where the water, losing its velocity and its transporting power, drops its load on the shores or on the bottom of the ocean. And so for ever the rivers keep on transporting the mountains and the hills to the sea.

In this country the Trent and the Ouse are visibly at work as land-makers. These streams, perhaps, carry a greater quantity of matter in suspension than any of the other rivers in Great Britain. Advantage has been taken of this fact to raise large tracts of low, peaty land adjacent to the river, the surface of which was below the level of high water. This low land lies inland at distances varying from three to six, and even seven, miles. The tidal water is admitted to this land at high water through sluices and conveyed along drains made for the purpose. On leaving the confined area of the waterway and spreading out over the land, the alluvial matter in suspension, termed *warp*, is deposited, in favourable seasons, at the rate of from two to three inches in a

tide, and in the course of two or three years to a depth of three and even up to six and seven feet. At low tide the clarified water runs back into the river. By this process, within the last half-century about 30,000 acres have been converted by the transporting power of water from barren, worthless land into some of the richest soil in England, on which potatoes and celery are grown in large quantities.

Owing to the absorbent character of the strata of which the greater part of the basin of the Thames is composed, this river in its upper reach may be regarded as being remarkably clean and free from matter in suspension, an unusually large part of its supply being derived from springs. Yet when, after rain, the water flows down to the sea in a turbid condition it is performing an enormous amount of work in making new land. The quantity of solid matter transported annually cannot be estimated at less than a quarter of a million cubic yards, which, if all heaped in one place on the sands at the mouth of the estuary to a depth of two yards, would make about twenty-four acres of land fit for cultivation. This operation going on for many ages has enlarged and enriched the county of Essex at the expense of Gloucester and Oxford and the other counties through which the Thames flows, and created all that alluvial tract of land which, embanked and reclaimed within historic times, now constitutes the grass fields and market-gardens which are passed through on the journey from London to Tilbury and Southend, together with Foulness and Canvey Islands.

By the operations which have been taking place in the estuary of the Wash on the east coast of England, the writer has been able to verify the accuracy of this process of calculation. By taking samples of the water from the four rivers which discharge into it at various times and under different conditions, and subtracting the solid matter in suspension, the result has been arrived at that from the 5,820 square miles drained by these rivers there is transported annually into the estuary about 385,560 tons of alluvial matter—sufficient, if all deposited in one place on the shore, to make thirty-two acres of good land. The actual quantity that has been thus made and added to the cultivated land of Great Britain since the great enclosure made by the Romans 1,700 years ago is 64,000 acres, which is a sufficiently near approximation to test the accuracy of the above calculations. By this process of transport and deposit, extending back over many ages, the large alluvial tract of fenland and marshland reaching from the Humber

to Huntingdon, over a width of from twenty to thirty miles, has been made.

The Netherlands, however, affords, perhaps, the most remarkable example of comparatively recently made land, and of the power of water to transport and deposit material. Nearly the whole of the surface of this country, covering about 13,000 square miles, has been brought from France, Belgium, and Germany by the Rhine and the Meuse, and deposited in the North Sea to a sufficient height to be embanked and reclaimed. It has been said that when Napoleon Buonaparte occupied the Netherlands he justified his action on the ground that as the soil had all been originally filched from France, he was only resuming possession of that which originally belonged to her.

When, however, we come to the large rivers of America and other countries the quantity transported annually assumes much larger proportions. The Mississippi has in the course of ages transported from the mountains and high land within its drainage area sufficient material to make 400,000 square miles of new land by filling up an estuary which extended from its original outfall to the Gulf of Mexico for a length of 500 miles, and in width from 30 to 40 miles. This river is still pouring solid matter into the Gulf, where it is spread out in a fan-like shape over a coast line of 150 miles, and is filling it up at the rate of 362 millions of tons a year, or six times as much soil as was removed in the construction of the Manchester Ship Canal, and sufficient to make a square mile of new land, allowing for its having to fill up the Gulf to a depth of eighty yards. Some idea of the vastness of this operation may be conceived when the fact is considered that some of this soil has to be transported more than 3,000 miles; and that if the whole of it had to be carried in boats at the lowest rate at which heavy material is carried on the inland waters of America, or, say, for one-tenth of a penny per ton per mile over an average of half the total distance, the cost would be no less a sum than 238,000,000*l.* a year. Through the vast delta thus formed the river winds its way, twisting and turning by innumerable bends until it extends its length to nearly 1,200 miles, or more than double the point to point length of the delta; continually eroding the banks in one place and building up land in another, occasionally breaking its way across a narrow neck which lies between the two extremities, and filling up the old channel. By this operation the course of the water is some-

times shortened by distances amounting to scores of miles, and towns which at one time were on the side of the waterway are suddenly transposed to inland positions, and are transferred to different sides of the stream and from one State to another.

The Nile transports annually more than 62 million tons of solid matter in suspension and solution, and has covered with alluvial soil a tract of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  millions of acres, in some places to a depth of 30 feet, besides spreading out into the Mediterranean, where the base of the delta forms the segment of a circle, having a chord of 170 miles. By a complete system of irrigation the fertilising matter transported from the heart of Africa is spread over the cultivated land of Egypt, raising it at the rate of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches in a century, and enabling the occupiers to gather two crops a year off land which, if not thus enriched, would grow nothing.

The Hoang Ho transports annually 650 million cubic yards of solid matter in suspension, and with the other rivers of China has made the vast alluvial plain of that country, spreading over 200,000 square miles.

The Ganges carries 230 million cubic yards, and its delta extends in the form of an equilateral triangle for 160 miles. The Danube is filling up the Black Sea at the rate of 50 millions of cubic yards a year; and the Rhone the Mediterranean at the rate of  $23\frac{1}{2}$  million cubic yards. The Volga when in flood carries to the Caspian 26,000 cubic yards in a single day.<sup>1</sup>

It would only be tedious to quote other examples. Those given are sufficient to afford an idea of the transporting power of the rivers of the world, which for ever and continuously, wherever rain falls, are gradually carrying from the interior of the earth the rocks of which it is composed, and depositing them in the seas, thus building up new land to be used and occupied by future generations; as in the countless ages of the past the tides, which then rose higher and occurred at shorter intervals, flowing and ebbing incessantly over the land with a velocity and power that it is difficult to contemplate, and beating against the cliffs with waves of stupendous magnitude and force, perpetually grinding them away, prepared the material which composed the first stratified rocks.

<sup>1</sup> *Tidal Rivers; their Hydraulics, Improvement, and Navigation.* By W. H. Wheeler, M.Inst.C.E. Longmans & Co. Chapter IV., 'The Transporting Power of Water.' Appendix VIII., 'Table showing solid matter in Suspension in Rivers.'

These, subsequently upheaved, together with the *débris* transported by the rivers, were later on, by the aid of icebergs and glacial drift, moulded into the hills and dales, the valleys and watercourses, the rivers and sandy estuaries, which, with the volcanic rocks, form the surface of the world on which we live.

W. H. WHEELER.

## *At the Sign of the Ship.*

THE *New York Times* has been taking me to task in the following passage :—

Andrew Lang, who knows a lot, including much that is not true, declares that we Americans say 'belong with,' where an Englishman would say 'belong to.' The charge is absurd and might be dismissed with a simple denial that we do any such thing, but these solemn Britishers are so fond of teaching us how to use our own language—it certainly is ours as much as it is theirs—that every such lesson should be resented, and the would-be instructors advised to confine their labours to their fellow-islanders, eight out of ten of whom speak no language at all, but simply a dialect, more or less barbarous. As to the preposition after 'belong,' of course, it may be either 'to' or 'with,' according to the meaning one wishes to convey. If Mr. Lang can find no difference in sense between 'He belongs to the Forty-second Regiment' and 'He belongs with the Forty-second Regiment,' the first of which, according to him, is English and the second American—if he would not use the one if he meant one thing, and the other if he meant something else—then his is a quite hopeless case. An attempt to explain the distinction would be wasting time, for it is so perfectly obvious, that anybody who, like Mr. Lang, fails to see it, must be mentally peculiar to a degree that puts him beyond the reach of anything except sympathy.

My remarks appeared in the *Ship*, where I tried to show that an American critic was mistaken in saying that 'the blame belonged *with* Lord George Murray.' I defended Lord George, and added that *we* say blame belongs *to*, not *with* a person. I am still of that opinion! As to 'belonging with' a regiment, it means, I presume, that a person is attached to the regiment, but not a member of it. I do not wish to teach any American how to write his own language (in which it may be correct to say that blame belongs *with* a person), I only maintain that the phrase is not good English, and I doubt if it occurs in Longfellow, Holmes,

Emerson, Prescott, Hawthorne, or Poe. Perhaps my expression of opinion 'should be resented.' 'Belong,' if I be not mistaken, is becoming a new auxiliary verb. Things, or people, can 'belong *on, in, with*' this or that, and I fear they can 'belong before the war,' or 'belong after the war.' 'B'long,' I am told by an American lady, is a great element in Pidgin-English, whence it seems to be invading the ordinary language. Instead of saying 'this is a thing's proper place,' you may now say 'it belongs right here.' Of course Americans have a right to use 'belong,' or any other word, exactly as they please, but perhaps we need not imitate them, as we are so apt to do. If eighty per cent. of us only speak a barbarous dialect, let it be all the more our endeavour to raise the tone of our speech! Resentment, in linguistic matters, appears out of place, especially in hot weather. I do not know where the *New York Times* gets its statistics of our barbarous dialect, but—in literature at least—we can and should be on our guard. I am no great philologist, and when I 'know' that 'belong here,' 'belong on,' 'belong with,' are not classical English idioms, what I 'know' may not be 'true.' I will gladly accept correction, if it be good English to write that blame 'belongs with' a person. In the meantime, till better instructed, I certainly would not use the phrase 'belong with' in any circumstances, mine being 'a hopeless case.' But my ignorance is not really invincible. Show me 'belong with' in any good English author, in any good American author, and my opposition is vanquished.

But one hesitates to accept the *obiter dictum* of the *New York Times*, in a point of grammar, before it is supported by good examples. One hopes that there is nothing offensive in this reserve. By the way, we had been told that Americans *never* said 'Britishers'!

\* \* \*

A poet who says he has 'weighed in with ever so many odes' (barbarous dialect!), and is not yet even a knight, informs me that Mr. Vivian is standing, at St. Ives, in the legitimist interest, in that of Queen Mary IV. and 'Prince Rupert over the water. The poet therefore, hastily transferring his allegiance, sends the following verses, 'On the Late King's Birthday' (June 10, 1688):

\* \* \*

JUNE 10.

'Twas a day of faith and flowers,  
 Of honour that could not die,  
 Of Hope that counted the hours  
 Of sorrowing Loyalty:  
 And the *Blackbird* sang in the closes,  
 The *Blackbird* piped in the spring,  
 For the day of the dawn of white Roses,  
 The dawn of the day of the King!

White roses over the heather,  
 And down by the Lowland lea,  
 And, far in the faint blue weather,  
 A white sail shone on the sea!  
 But the deep night gathers and closes,  
 Shall ever a morning bring  
 The lord of the leal white roses,  
 The face of the rightful King?

We wait as our fathers waited,  
 More hopeless we than they!  
 For the light of the Star is abated,  
 That shone on an Old Year's day;<sup>1</sup>  
 But I hope, when the Parliament closes,  
 That St. Ives may successfully bring  
 Mr. Vivian in, with the roses,  
 Prince Rupert out, for the King!

\* \* \*

The following story, of a fairy which a Highland keeper really saw (if there *are* fairies), and the legend which accompanies it, I owe to the kindness of the favoured beholder. The legend I have never seen in print; it strikes one as very characteristic and picturesque. As to the Fairy (about which the writer speaks with scientific reserve) I leave it to the S.P.R. Fairies, of course, generally wear green, not blue; but fashions alter. The first tale is a reported speech; the legend is written by my correspondent himself. I omit some reflections.

<sup>1</sup> Die Decembr. XXXI. anno MDCCXX. extulit os sacrum Caelo.' On a medal of Prince Charles, *pene poetam*.

## THE FAIRY.

'If there are such things as fairies, then I have seen a fairy. It was one day I was fishing up at the Loch, and I was getting no sport, and the shepherd's son came by and was talking with me; and as he was a good fisherman, and to change the luck, I gave him the rod. I stood for some time, looking at the hillside opposite me, and it was only as far from me as the width of Mucomer Pool. And I saw a little figure running along the hillside, dressed in blue, and hobbing and dancing along like a little girlie, who was awfu' ta'en wi' a grand new frock. I saw the little figure come to a burn, and she ran down the side, and I waited to see her come out and run up the other side. And the shepherd's son said, seeing I was na heeding him nor the fishing, "What are you looking at?" And I said, "I am watching to see a wee lassie cross the burn and come out on the other side." And he said, "What like was the lassie? Was she dressed in blue?" and I said she was. Then he said, "You'll never see her come out of the burn, for she's no girlie, but a fairy." And he told me many people had seen her about there, and they all knew she was a fairy. And in the evening when I went to the shepherd's house, his wife came out and asked me what luck had I, and was there any news, or any one passing the day? And I said I saw no one but a bit lassie in blue, who ran down a burnside, and though I stood watching for a long time expecting to see her run up the other side, see her again I never did.

"Och!" says the shepherd's wife, "that'll be the fairy. We have all seen her at different times, and we know she is a fairy."

'So, if there are such things as fairies, then I have seen a fairy.'

## LOCHIEL'S TAILOR.

In the good old days, long ago, the Highlands were different from what they are now. Some people to-day think there is no harm in taking a stag out of a forest, a salmon out of a river, or a tree out of a wood. In the good old days they saw no harm in taking horses and cattle that did not belong to them. There were no policemen or thief-catchers that time in the land. A thief or murderer had only to put himself under a neighbouring chief who was an enemy of his own chief and he would be safe. Although he would not be above twenty miles away, he would be as difficult to get near as he would be in Spain to-day. The

people of Lochaber were not behind in taking other people's cattle and horses. They often went to Strathspey and Glenmorriston to lift a *creach*. When they were to lift a creach, they met at a certain place to choose a leader, and he would pick the best men to go along with him. Sometimes it went well with them, other times a good many would get killed. One time they went to Strathspey and took all the cows from a village there. Next morning, when the people missed them, they went after them to take them back. There was one man there who liked a long sleep. His wife told him about his cows. He asked her if they took them all, and she said yes. He then asked her if they took the calves, and she said no. 'Then,' says he, 'we will have cows yet,' and slept on. His neighbours were all killed.

The chiefs were giving the people a good example. They were always fighting and taking land from each other.

Cameron of Lochiel and Mackintosh of Mackintosh were the greatest chiefs in Lochaber. Mackintosh's daughter was married to Lochiel, and they were always fighting about land.

There came a strange man to the country, a tailor. No one knew where he came from. He always carried a battle-axe. He made a Cameron of himself, and he enlisted under Lochiel's banner. He proved to be a good soldier, and Lochiel was always victorious after that in his battles with the Mackintosh. Mackintosh had a lot of land, and lived at Moy, about a mile from Gairloch and four miles from Achnacarry, Lochiel's place. Lochiel drove him to the wilds of Badenoch, and he called the place where he lived there Moy, after his old home in Lochaber.

Sometime after he called his men together to give Lochiel another battle. Lochiel heard of it, and he went with his own men to meet him. They met on the hill above Roy Bridge and fought a great battle. The Mackintoshes got the worst of it. Allan, Lochiel's brother, got his back to a stone and killed seven strong men that were facing him. The stone is still there and is called 'Clach Allan,' or Allan's stone. All that lived of the Mackintoshes fled, and Lochiel followed and chased them out of Badenoch. The 'Black Tailor' was the first that came to Achnacarry, and Lochiel's lady, hearing that he was come and being anxious for news from the field of battle, told him to leave his battle-axe out of doors. He answered, 'Wherever I'll be my axe will be,' and in he went with his axe.

She asked him how the battle went. Says he, 'To-day you will get a catskin for 2*d.*, and pick and choice for 2½*d.*' She

knew by this that her father was beaten, and she took her sucking child from her breast and said, 'This brat of Lochiel shall not live to know of his father's victory,' and threw him on the fire. The Black Tailor drew his axe and said, '*Bhean a rug an leanamh tog an leanamh*' ('Woman that bore the child, lift the child'), and she lifted the child, and he watched herself and child till Lochiel came home, and then the child was taken care of.

After this the Black Tailor lost the lady's favour, and when he knew this he shouldered his axe one morning and went up the hill above Achnacarry and was lost sight of on the top of Corrychulfrass. At the time he was supposed by the people of the district to be a fairy, but was known afterwards to have gone to the Lowlands, where he succeeded well. His great-great-grandson is to-day a professor in Edinburgh.

After the Battle of the Roy the Mackintosh went to Strathdearn, near Inverness, where his descendants are to this day, at Moy Hall.

The good old days ended with the battle of Culloden, when the English got the mastery. Many of the chiefs were beheaded and hung, and others fled to France and their lands forfeited. Some got their lands back on condition that they kept the people in subjection.

One time the Mackintoshes got hold of their greatest enemy, the Black Tailor; they were determined to kill him. They met in a field on the farm of Muccomer to get some sport over his death. A circle of twenty yards was made of twelve clever Mackintoshes, and the tailor was put in the middle and was given half an hour, and then they were to kill him. The tailor gave a race and said, 'I'll be out here,' and then ran to the other side and said the same. He slipped out at last and ran for his life. The Mackintoshes chased him. The chief was riding a horse and nearly overtook him at a bog, which the tailor cleared. The Mackintosh and his horse stuck in it. The tailor turned round and drew his battle-axe, saying, 'I could! I could!' The Mackintosh said, 'You could, you could, but hold your hand just now.' The other Mackintoshes came up then, and the tailor had to run. Some friend from the other side of the river cried, 'Gairloch,' which means cut through Lochy, which he did, and none of the Mackintoshes would venture to follow him, as the river was in flood. The place where he crossed the river is called Gairloch till to-day.

The speech about 'catskins' refers to Clan Chattan, the Cat Clan, of which the Mackintoshes are the chief sept. Probably Highland scholars can assign a date to the events narrated; they must have been before the Forty-five, when the Camerons and Mackintoshes were brothers in arms.

\* \* \*

To the kindness of Mr. Richard Jones, Professor in Swarthmore College (Pennsylvania), I owe his work on 'The Idylls of the King.' Mr. Jones has been at the trouble of examining 'Enid and Nimue,' of which a copy (1857) was presented to the British Museum by Mr. F. T. Palgrave. The pages are annotated by the late Laureate; and the extraordinary care and trouble which he took, the pains with which he 'beat his music out,' are now apparent. He put single words in, and blotted them again, and replaced them, endlessly. There is a yet earlier *Enid* than that of the British Museum, at South Kensington. One line runs

Like one that tries *new* ice if it will bear.

In the Museum copy this becomes

Like one that tries *old* ice if it will bear,

and finally we have

Like *him* who tries the bridge he fears may fail.

Enid's 'wretched dress' first 'dumbly shrieks,' and, later and more sensibly, 'dumbly speaks.' The poet alters the 'had wedded,' of 1857, to 'had married' (1869). What's the odds so long as they were happy? Some passages were rewritten as often as Plato wrote the first sentence of the *Republic*, or Izaak Walton one of his best phrases. The 'fancied arms,' 'an eagle, noir in azure,' are very bad heraldry, colour on colour. 'Azure, an eagle rising or,' is a good deal better, and was adopted by the poet.

\* \* \*

Most of us, I for one, have regarded the completed *Idylls* as the not very lucky result of afterthoughts. Theocritus, as far as we know, first used the *genre*, writing, in place of the epic, heroic idylls, as of the youth of Heracles. But you cannot make an epic out of a set of heroic idylls,

Orient pearls at random strung.

As Dickens said, 'There is too much string.' Mr. Gladstone, indeed, in 1859, 'asked for more,' and hoped that the more would

be 'the greatest poetical creation of the century.' It is hardly that; one prefers the *Lotus Eaters*. Mr. Jones notes archaic forms in the old, the good *Morte d'Arthur* of 1842. In 1859 these disappeared (in the first four *Idylls*), which does not look as if the poet meant to hitch the *Idylls* in with the *Morte*. In the later *Idylls* he returned to his archaisms. There was no allegory, to speak of, in 1841 or in 1859. Finally, allegory (alas!) forced its way into the work. So the poet 'tried back,' and allegorised what had not been allegorical. A baby-stealing fairy, of 1859, became The Church, in 1869, oh sad! Mr. Knowles says that Lord Tennyson said he always meant Arthur for the human soul. He kept his meaning pretty dark, at first. Perhaps Dante ended by meaning Beatrice for the soul, or what you please, but he never began that way. Lord Tennyson, as it were, was his own Porphyry, and, as Porphyry invented mystic meanings for Homer's folk, so Lord Tennyson devised them for his own. Of course so great a poet should know his own business best, but one prefers Homer.

\* \* \*

Mr. Jones prints (and it is rather a pity) a number of stanzas which Lord Tennyson wisely cut out of his lines to the Queen, written when he became Laureate. 'The taskwork ode has ever failed,' he says; but Pindar's odes were all taskwork! The rejected lines generally read like an imitation of Tennyson by Tennyson. On the whole Mr. Jones's book is valuable as showing what immense pains Lord Tennyson took. His afterthoughts, in diction, were usually for the better; his allegorical afterthought was almost, or quite inevitable, to give a kind of unity of interest, if he was bent on making an epic poem, as Wolf thinks the *Iliad* was made, out of detached rhapsodies. And thereby the Laureate demonstrated that an epic poem cannot be made as Wolf and his followers think the *Iliad* was made. The *Idylls of the King* are full of exquisite poetry, but they are not an epic.

\* \* \*

Some one points out to the *Critic* that 'Lord Francis Jeffrey' did not review Keats in the *Quarterly* or in *Blackwood's*. Probably not, as there was no 'Lord Francis Jeffrey.' Jeffrey was a Scotch paper Lord, not the son of a Duke or Marquis. Still more certainly, if possible, Jeffrey did not write in *Blackwood's* or the *Quarterly*. And I am as sure that Coleridge never

wrote about Miss Evans '*quam afflictum et perditum amabam.*' Coleridge, of course, wrote *afflictum*. And who or what is *Beourlif*, which the *Author* says that Mr. Morris has printed?

\* \* \*

Some persons collect First Numbers. The first number of the *White Cockade* is certainly curious, and might well remain unique. It is a tiny sheet devoted to Neo-Jacobitism, and it speaks of Her Gracious Majesty as 'the Occupant of the Throne.' The unlucky lady called 'Queen Mary IV.' must shudder at the silliness of her 'adherents.' Besides, there is another, a third Queen, who may have her adherents too, though happily she is not pestered by frivolities which would be treasonable if they were not absurd. Prince Charles, about 1750, said that he knew very well he had no fighting friends in England. His English friends might subscribe as much money as they pleased; for fighting he looked elsewhere. The English, if they wanted to fight, missed their chance with singular unanimity. If their sentiments were legitimist, their descendants may well be ashamed of their poltroonery, and may cease to make themselves ridiculous anachronisms, with their white cockades. Jacobitism should never be stained with bad taste, as the piratical flag of Tom Sawyer was always unpolluted by crime.

\* \* \*

A scientific gentleman has been, or ought to be, converted to Telepathy, at which he had scoffed. A miracle has been wrought for this unworthy sceptic. He broke his cigar-holder, a treasured piece, and ruefully determined not to be at the ruinous expense of buying another. Next day (let us say 'next day!') came to him a new cigar-holder, *l'enfant de miracle*, sent by a lady from whom the sceptic had not heard for a long time. Was she warned by a spook, did she hear of her friend's bereavement in a dream, or did a 'telepathic impact' come off? I don't know; but I trust that the conversion may be permanent. These things occur too seldom, or one would receive more nice presents, and no new books of poetry. Does no viewless Hand lay itself on the wrist of poets who are sending me their works? Apparently not, or, if so, the warning is neglected. Miss X. once had a mystic impulse to send oysters to a friend, who, in fact, was suffering from a desire for oysters. Probably the scientific gentleman's 'lady friend' is a 'sensitive.' To persons so constituted I may mention that really authentic miniatures and gems will always be welcome,

but I do not use a cigar-holder. Casting lines (tapered) never come amiss; the rest I leave to the subliminal selves of the generous and disinterested.

\* . \*

Novels are beginning to play a great part in life. In a recent trial a lady was asked if she had desired her husband to read the *Kreutzer Sonata*. The inference may have been that she was trying to lower her lord's moral tone. A good deal appeared to turn on it, at all events, and the witness, I think, disclaimed sympathy with the doctrines of the romance. This is what comes of putting doctrines into novels; sooner or later some one has to explain the doctrines to a British jury, which is not literary yet, fortunately. I have read the *Kreutzer Sonata*, when I had no other resource. The only point of practical interest was the inconvenience inflicted on a married man by his wife's stays, when he wishes to stab her with a blunt knife. There seemed to be here a plea in favour of Rational Dress.

\* . \*

This affair of novels may be carried very far. We shall read that Mrs. Hysteria Snickenham complained of misconduct in her husband. He refused to read the *Heavenly Twins* when she implored him to do so, and he menaced her with a revolver. It was not loaded, but Mrs. Snickenham was afraid it would go off. The male prisoner, admitted to the witness-box, said that his virtue was dear to him, and he did not read novels by the gentler sex. He was a very old man, born in 1850, and it was time for him to think of his soul. The revolver was no revolver, but an empty pipe-case. If he had pointed it at Mrs. Snickenham, it was only in playful menace. He admitted that she screamed, but she was always screaming. (Murmurs of sympathy in Court.) He had read *Mr. Midshipman Easy*; he did not remember the doctrines of the book. Admitted that he had asked Mrs. Snickenham to read *Pickwick*. (Sensation.) Would not be responsible for the doctrines about milk punch contained in that work. Considered that it had, on the whole, a moral tendency. The book had been a great comfort to him since he married. His wife was an author. The prisoner preferred Dickens. His Lordship said that this matter of the morality of *Pickwick* was a question for the jury, and ordered the Trial Scene to be read aloud, which was done by Sir Frank Lockwood. The jury, without leaving the box, gave a verdict for the accused, Mrs. Snickenham excitedly

demanding a jury of matrons. The prisoner left the Court amidst cheers. We understand that Mrs. Snickenham is engaged in a novel which advocates the Fijian marriage system.

\* \* \*

Probably the author of *Ollendorf* is flattered by imitation. If so, he must be pleased with this extract from Mr. Gilbert Parker's *When Valmond came to Pontiac*—

'Where do you go, dwarf?' he said.

'I go to the Ancient House,' he made answer to himself.

'What do you go to get?'

'I do not go to get, I go to give.'

'What do you go to give?'

'I go to leave an empty basket at the door, and the lantern that the shop-keeper set in the hands of the pedlar,'

and so on, *u.s.w.*, *κ.τ.λ.*

ANDREW LANG.

